

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII.
1932

3^D
EVERY
THURSDAY

**PAY
AS WE
GO!**
By the EDITOR

**SQUARE
DEAL
FOR
YOUTH**

**EUROPE'S
SIEGE
BEGINS**
By A.G.G.

Here's a food that's
**STILL LESS THAN
PRE-WAR PRICE**



BOURNVILLE
THE 5-STAR
COCOA

THE 5 STARS —

- ★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
- ★ IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN B — VITAL TO HEALTH

5^D PER
QTR.
LB.

Please return the
empties

and
don't
forget
the
stoppers



They are made of precious Rubber

The stoppers of Bulmer's Cider Bottles are made of precious rubber, and once lost cannot be replaced. You are careful to screw the stopper back while the bottle is in use, be equally careful to replace it when the bottle is finished. Then when you return the 'empties' to your Dealer he will find them all present and correct.

**Bulmer's
Cider**

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD.

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Hundreds of keen young eyes riveted on the screen . . . hundreds of air crew cadets taking in the lecturer's every word. Soon many of these lads will be flying their own fighters. The more fully they are trained now the better will be their chances then—in the real thing. Cinematography in the air plays a big part in training them. Kodak film helps Cinematography to do the job. When next you have to wait for a spool, remember it is because Kodak film is on such vital work as this—training the men who will bring peace (and peace-time snaps) back to reality.



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F.20

Here comes the bride . . . with that

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She looks lovely and she'll keep her loveliness—because she entrusts the care of her skin to Palmolive. Let the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive do the same for you—give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe and keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



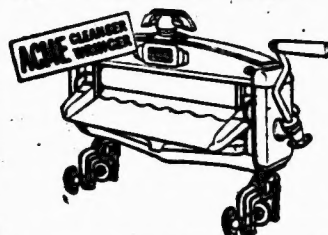
PALMOLIVE

No one likes borrowing..

but in Acacia Crescent they're getting quite good at it. For example, they're mostly young newly-weds and there are only two



Acmes between them—and don't those Acmes get around! The makers are sorry they can't make any more while the war's on: but one day Acacia Crescent will be supplied as it deserves and borrowing (and lending) can once again be suitably discouraged!



BETTER DAYS—
WITH
EVEN BETTER
CYCLES

Precision Builds by

ABERDALE

THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY

Small

FOOD FACTS

AVOID WEATHER WASTE



There are Gremlins in the kitchen these days! Hot-weather Gremlins—turning the cheese and bread mouldy, melting the margarine, souring the milk. Turn them out of the larder. Make it your boast that in your kitchen not one scrap of food is wasted.

1 MILK should be kept in the coolest spot in the larder and kitchen. The floor is cooler than an upper shelf. Never place milk in an airless cupboard. Fill a basin to within 1½ inches of the top with cold water. Stand the milk bottle in the water, and having saturated a flower-pot or a piece of butter muslin under the cold water tap, put it over the milk bottle, resting it on the neck and touching the water.

RATION BOOKS— SPREAD THE LOAD!

Help to avoid crowding at the end of the distribution by watching the local 'A.B.C.' announcements and going for your new books on the proper day. Don't forget to fill in your present books before you go.

People away from home will be able to get their new books later.

2 If the milk must be emptied out of the bottle, take a clean jug, free from cracks or crevices, and before using, scald it by filling it with boiling water and inverting it to drain and cool.

3 If there is any risk that your milk will not keep sweet in exceptionally hot weather, scald the milk directly it is received. Bring it quickly to the boil while stirring briskly. This prevents a skin from forming. Pour into a scalded jug and stand at once in cold water.

4 Tell your milkman the shadiest spot to leave the milk—especially if you are likely to be out when he calls.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT
EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 154



HARTLEY'S

JAMS & MARMALADE

Made the 'REAL JAM' way



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 26, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

GREAT CHANGES

RARELY have progressive-minded people throughout the world had a better surprise than the choice of the new Viceroy.

There may be regret because, on first thoughts, it might appear that the Army has been deprived of a brilliant brain.

But where can be found brilliant brains which are not already being fully employed towards the winning of the war?

And you've got to have the best of brains for the Viceroyship.

Household Word

Hitherto, it has always been necessary to give the public full biographical details about a new Viceroy—to tell them who he is.

Not so this time. "Wavell" is sufficient both for name and biography.

To our Indian friends, as to us, it stands for a man who is outstanding both as a soldier and a statesman.

Statesman, Soldier

It has been as statesman as well as soldier that he has been the predominant personality behind the war in the Far East for so long.

Churchill didn't take him on his recent Washington trip just because he is good company!

Such a real all-rounder should be the best Viceroy of all time—in days when the imperative need of ending the Indian deadlock demands that we have the best.

And his expert military advice will still be available for the discomfiture of the Jap when he is installed at Delhi.

New Team

Auchinleck, his successor as Commander-in-Chief, is no newcomer to the job. He held it earlier in the war—and held it so well that he should never have been transferred to the Western Desert. Moreover, the war from India may be based, in future, on the lines of the Eisenhower - Alexander - Cunningham - Tedder set-up, which proved so successful in North Africa.

Don't be surprised if a Supreme Commander—the "Eisenhower" on this

front that eventually must be appointed—turns out to be a famous Air Marshal.

Changes Wanted

With the Arnim débacle in our minds, we can have every confidence in such a set-up.

But it would be folly to expect too much of Wavell as Viceroy if the new broom is to be denied a new handle.

There should be drastic changes at the India Office.

That clumsy, blundering department is completely out of touch with feeling both in India and this country.

Conspicuous Failure

Amery should go. He has a long political record which entitles him to a seat in the Lords, and we trust he gets it.

But as Secretary of State for India he has been a dismal and dangerous failure.

Man We Want

Attlee would be an excellent choice for the job. He hasn't the keep-things-as-they-are mentality. Indians would trust him. And he knows a lot about the subject.

He was, indeed, the real "behind the scenes" originator of the Cripps Plan.

Paving the Way

Meanwhile, the bombs fall on the Ruhr in ever-increasing weight, according to our invasion plans.

The great onslaught has begun! For those attacks are as much part of invasion as the El Alamein barrage was part of the Eighth Army's 2,000-mile drive that completely changed the war picture.

Those 2,000 bombs in an hour on Dortmund were, indeed, the start of invasion.

Lost Resources

And—the enemy retreats. An industrial retreat, it is true.

But that helter-skelter exodus from the Ruhr represents a smashing defeat for German arms.

Perhaps a quarter of the war plants in the area affected has been completely destroyed.

As to the rest—while plant and workers are being moved to new quarters

they are lost to the German war effort. They merely clutter the already over-burdened railways, roads and waterways.

Expectations

Military operations have got to follow, of course.

They, no doubt, will be the highlight of Part Two of our invasion plans. All Europe is wondering where the blow will fall.

Paris expects attack from the West this week.

We Are Coming

Germany speculates most of all.

She knows little more than that the R.A.F. attacks of the last two weeks represent a counterpart to the attacks which preceded the collapse of Pantellaria.

And it is plain that we are blasting a way for our troops, the time and place of whose coming she cannot even guess.

Uneasy

She is certainly not deceived by our attacks on Sardinia and Sicily into believing that the whole force of our attack will fall on Italy.

That's why Italy's appeals to her for more arms, more men, are in vain.

Indeed, she is now withdrawing troops from the Eastern Front to strengthen her defences in the West.

Good Results

For the R.A.F.'s softening-up blows on Germany have had another effect.

They have tied down 60 per cent. of the *Luftwaffe* fighters in the West. They have deprived Germany of equipment for at least ten divisions.

They have stayed Hitler's hand in the East.

With the desperation of a fast-weakening boxer he knew his last hope was a knock-out. And now he's too weak.

Food Danger

Stalin hasn't been slow to seize the opportunity.

He got his blow in first. And he is balancing himself to give bigger blows.

He has made it clear to his Allies that he has every confidence in his armies and their arms—that his one anxiety is about food. We must see to that.

Wily Japs

And in the Far East the Japs reinforce New Guinea—a curious operation, puzzling even to the military expert.

But probably bluff. The Jap is master of the incomprehensible.

Certainly there's no need to fear invasion of Australia.

Watch, rather, the beginning of our pincer movement. The jaws are in Australia and the Aleutians.

Burma Road

And note that China pegs away, steadily winning bases for the future bombing of Tokio.

● It's foolish to sneer at Italy. Still more foolish not to learn from our enemies.

And we can learn something even from Mussolini's tottering kingdom.

Italian women called on to replace men, and who are carrying out the same work, will receive men's wages under a new contract just announced.

Well, can we in Britain announce the same measure of equity? Not yet.

Women Civil Defence workers, who do the same work as their male colleagues, do not get the same pay. Women munition workers, who are engaged on precision jobs formerly performed by men, receive £1, £2 and even £3 less a week.

Women "temporaries" in offices and shops and warehouses, in Whitehall and local government centres, are certainly not getting the same rates paid to the men they have replaced.

Why not? No one knows. Even the Government, so often tackled on the subject, can give no reasonable answer. But no one would accuse it of "losing face" if it decided not to be outshone by Italy. The sooner the better!

LESSON FOR US

What aircraft is getting through to her is putting up a grand show.

But we've got to reopen the road to those bases—which means the reconquest of most of Burma.

Pacific Calling!

Winter will soon be starting in that part of the world, and although it is better than the rainy summers for military operations, the going will be heavy nevertheless.

We've got to pile up strength in the Pacific as fast as the world situation permits.

Labour Moves

Our war production has certainly soared to amazing heights.

It will be improved still more by a redistribution of labour now in progress and made necessary by the acuteness of the man-power problem.

Four Ministries are affected by this huge reshuffle.

The Ministry of Supply transfers big numbers of workers to ship and aircraft building, while the Ministry of Production does the job of co-ordinating.

Long View

This essential redistribution is bound to entail temporary waste of manpower.

But the end of the war is not so near that we can safely refuse to take the long view.

We need have no worries about production. Our output of all war weapons is tremendous—and still growing.

Bevin Can Help

American production is bigger only because America is bigger. Being younger, it still suffers from teething pains.

Our friends across the Atlantic would be wise to ask Mr. Bevin to show them a way out of some of their troubles.

Big Task

President Roosevelt, anxious for speed, puts ceilings on both wages and prices without adequate wage negotiating machinery on the one hand, and without an equivalent of our Ministry of Food on the other.

Nor is his task made easier by the fact that U.S. trade unions lag fifty years behind ours.

We have been in this war nearly four years, and have learnt not a little. Mr. Bevin could signpost some of the pitfalls.

(Continued overleaf)

"IF WE ARE GOING TO INVADE GERMANY
SHE HAS GOT TO BOMB US NOW"—

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.,

Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security.

Underwritten
at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID
INSURANCE POLICY
FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration
Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

SIR WALTER WOMERSLEY, Minister of Pensions, faced with the biggest outcry of the war over Service pensions, has shown he doesn't believe in half measures.

But he only goes three-quarters of the way.

And that's not enough. The public, and their representatives in Parliament, are tired of the bitter contrast between the gallantry of our fighting men and women and the Government's niggling meanness.

Chaos Unless—

Agitation over Service pensions came to a head with the British Legion's Whitsun Conference. The Legion alone has a thousand cases in hand waiting for the Pensions Appeals Tribunals, and delegates know that there will be chaos unless a big number of Tribunals start work immediately.

The Old Line

When M.P.s took up the fight, Sir Walter answered with promises of concessions, and of more flexibility in keeping to the rules. He desired to give the benefit of the doubt to applicants for pensions.

That last promise is twenty years old and seems just as far as ever from being carried out.

Needn't be Tied

The Minister need not be bound by the Royal Warrants. They say definitely that he is their sole administrator and interpreter.

And he's been shown pretty clearly this week that if he doesn't interpret them as the people (who pay the bill) think they ought to be interpreted then he'll have to go—despite the Government's sudden attempt to whitewash him!

Grade 1 or Not?

Here's the issue: If a man is fit for service and is graded 1, then he or his dependants should be kept from want when he dies or is disabled.

And a widow or other dependant should not have to prove that Service conditions destroyed the health of a man who was considered absolutely fit by the original medical board.

Sir Walter Warned "All Out or Get Out"—Food Blackmail—Snooping Again

Share the Blame

One thing must be said for Sir Walter and his Department. The Pensions people are having to bear a lot of blame that should go to the Ministry of Labour.

JOHN BULL readers have for months been reporting cases of out-and-out inefficiency on the part of the Ministry of Labour's medical boards. There was the instance only last week of a man accepted for the Army who wasn't well enough to do a single day's service.

Couldn't Complain

A Central London shopkeeper bought and paid for 24 lb. of cherries from a wholesale firm the other day. When they came there were only 19 lb.

That wasn't a mistake; it was war time practice (for some firms). The shopkeeper knew better than to complain. If he had, he'd have been asked to send the cherries back. He would have got no more—nor anything else that's scarce.

Blackmail in Food

This is the type of blackmail in food which we complained about last week. It's going on all over the place. Yet a Ministry of Food spokesman says the British people don't really know these offences exist.

Shopkeepers come badly out of the racket. If they get short weight they can't pass it on to the customer even if they wanted to.

Small Catches

Inspectors find it much easier to catch small shopkeepers out in little offences than to trail the experts in their major robberies.

A Greenock shop was just closing. The assistants had all left and the cash girl was going to lock the door when two men came in, asked for a pound of potted meat.

The girl suspected inspectors.

Her Overcharge

She felt she might be doing something wrong if she refused to serve them. Worried and not knowing the proper price, she charged them 1s. 2d. instead of 1s. 1d.

The men were inspectors and there was a prosecution. And quite properly some very harsh things were said in court about these agents-provocateur methods. We don't like them a bit.

Bananas for Tea

Now here's a pleasanter food note. Little patients at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, have been having bananas for tea lately. Real bananas.

They've come from the ship's company of the destroyer H.M.S. *Adventure*, who have named and adopted a cot in the hospital. The captain has already been there. Now he and his men have shown they remember the children even in the heat of the North African campaign.

Blaming the War

The people who blame the war for everything have angered JOHN BULL readers for a long time. Let's include the bank managers who are returning as "R.D." the cheques of financially sound but smaller customers because honouring them would mean an overdraft of a few shillings for a day or so. "It's the Government," say these managers. "They won't let us grant new overdrafts."

Not Good Enough

This is pure nonsense. Very early in the war the Treasury did ask the banks to freeze existing overdrafts and not encourage such new ones as would help a welter of spending.

But do you see in this any reason why decent, honest folk should have their credit damaged and their sense of financial integrity outraged because of some small oversight? We don't.

Fancy Prices

The war's also being blamed for too many fancy prices. Pre-war halfpenny studs, reports an outfitter, now cost him 8½d. each wholesale.

And a reader, wanting a birth certificate from his sixpenny tin cash box, was charged 2s. 9d. for a new key.

There's every reason why metal goods should be scarce; but no one will believe that metals are dear enough to justify a price like this. If they were, the war would be costing £100,000,000 a day.

Cool Cheek

In Manchester and Salford some of the Italian ice-cream makers are not blaming the war at all. They're using it.

Lately they've been going round with their barrows selling ice-cream wafers to the kiddies at six a penny. To the children this may look good. But the biscuits cost 3s. 6d. for a tin of about 1,000. So six a penny isn't so good.

At it Again

The local officials of the Ministry of Labour no doubt blame the war and staff shortage for the stupid mistakes they perpetrate so regularly. They've been at it again.

A Barry, Glamorgan, reader has just sent us a Registration for Employment Notice addressed to a sister-in-law who died in April last year.

Thirteen Months Late

Another reader, who lives in Birmingham, has been bitterly hurt to receive a similar notice for his wife.

He got one three weeks after she died

● He is a hard-bitten old country squire. And he doesn't like Americans.

He softened a bit when American troops were billeted in his village for a few weeks, but he told the people round him, who treated the doughboys with wonderful hospitality, that they were doing wrong.

Then the Yanks left. Next morning's post brought a dozen individual gifts from them. All books. All books calculated to make him understand America.

And on each fly-leaf, VERY GENUINE GOOD WISHES.

and wrote to explain. Now he's got a second—thirteen months after her death.

Releasing Labour

However, the Board of Trade and the Ministries of Supply and of Labour are busy releasing surplus labour for the war effort.

Indeed, it is highly necessary. And one hopes those departments have shared the very sound ideas of the average man and woman as to what comprises surplus labour.

Protected!

But the paint trade hasn't a lot of confidence in those three departments.

Closing down paint factories, they have given protection to the labour of just 174 chosen firms.

Sufficient to carry on a war time paint trade, probably—if the choice of firms has been made intelligently.

Is it True?

But this is what the trade alleges—and it is bringing it to the notice of Parliament:

Firms are being closed down without any regard to the priority of the materials they produce—i.e., their importance to the war industry.

Firms that will survive are actually dependent for these materials on some of those that are to disappear!

Without bothering about the trade's own suggestion of equal sacrifice from every firm irrespective of size, we can at least demand an official and intelligent explanation.

Furniture Racket

We are glad the authorities are hunting down Black Market operators who posing as private citizens, are advertising for furniture.

They keep no record of what they pay for goods, often deceive householders into accepting absurdly small amounts. And they charge unheard of prices.

Among their chief victims are Service folk.

Wicked Price

One of the keenest demands for furniture comes from officers' messes and the canteens and welfare rooms of N.C.O.s and men.

We saw an almost threadbare carpet bought recently by a Canadian mess from a visiting tout. It consisted of old stair strips sewn together badly.

It cost £75; was worth, perhaps, £5.

Cheating Them?

But we take off our hats to the W.V.S. of one town—for helping an enlightened Commanding Officer to cheat these rogues.

He wanted to furnish a little club at the barrack gates, where soldiers' families could wait for their men out of the rain, and with a cup of tea at hand.

Unless Black Market furniture prices could be paid—and it couldn't—the scheme looked like falling through.

But the W.V.S. cadged—and the stuff poured in.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Germans are rushing up "panic" defences to their most secret and distant war plants, realising that Allies know all about them and have synchronised east-west air plans to destroy them.

● R.A.F. damage at Mannheim included destruction of delicate and complicated laboratory instruments making 50 per cent. of Hitler's poison gas.

● Switzerland has informed Axis that Swiss tunnels carrying main German-Italian traffic are now so heavily mined that they would take five years to repair if blown up—and this would be done if Axis invaded.

● Speer, Nazi Minister of Arms and Ammunition, in a recent speech—not reported in the Ger-

man daily Press but discussed in trade papers—has admitted that tank production has fallen far short of expectation.

● He issued stern warnings to industrialists and workers alike and threatened them with severe consequences if production is not increased.

● Papen, Hitler's principal spy, has for months been facing a "wall of silence" in Turkey. His parties have been boycotted, most of his acquaintances have avoided his company.

● Best "inside" fact of the week is that as many Allied planes will be produced in the next six months as were produced in the last two years. The Axis faces a fall of 25 per cent.

Let's Pay-as-we-go

TO secure freedom from the perpetual load of debt that weighs millions of us down, we need a revolution as simple, sensible and sweeping as Daylight Saving.

Just as Daylight Saving has improved our health and extended our leisure, so would a "Pay-as-You-Go" system of income tax relieve us of worry and enable us to put our accounts in order.

It is as simple as that. It is not only desirable but eminently practicable.

Under the present system, we always owe tax on our last year's income. We can never possibly "get straight" with ourselves.

Indeed, the final demand note may arrive after our death to lay a crushing burden on the loved ones for whom we have sought to provide.

It is true that income tax is now, in the main, deducted from our earnings. But always the deductions are in respect of last year's earnings. "Pay-as-You-Go" would mean deductions in respect of our earnings now.

JOHN BULL has consistently urged the need for this sensible and businesslike change in our financial system.

It would have the support of all Parties in the House and every section of the community. The Tories would back it no less than the Labour men; the trades unions are insistent in their demand for it.

The Treasury is investigating how best it could be brought about.

BUT those investigations must be speeded up. We want a financial revolution this year, not next. And our experts should be prompted by the fact that Canada is already working the scheme successfully, and the U.S.A. will begin it on the first of next month.

The apparent difficulties are not so great as they might appear at first sight. The chief argument against "Pay-as-You-Go," for example, is that it might compel the State to forgo an enormous sum of money.

Thus, it is estimated that under the terms of the American Income Tax Bill some 30,000,000 taxpayers will be let off a total debt of some, two thousand million pounds!

Small payers will have their debt cancelled. Larger payers will be let off three-quarters of their indebtedness and will have to pay off the balance by instalments spread over to 1945.

Canada has adopted rather different means to the same end. There the average taxpayer, who was only six months in arrears, has been forgiven half of the balance due and will pay off the remainder also by small instalments.

Those who draw large incomes from investments are excepted from the general scheme, but by the end of 1944 almost all Canada will have a clean tax slate.

When this country changes over—as it is bound to do sooner or later—we shall have to devise methods to suit our own particular needs.

But no matter what concessions were made; no matter, indeed, if everybody were let off 100 per cent.—the Revenue need not necessarily suffer any real loss.

For the new pay-as-you-go taxation would start immediately. What is more, the yield on present income levels would be higher than it is under the present system.

Why? Because the majority of the population is earning more than it was a year ago.

Moreover, there are to-day seven times as many workers paying income tax as there were in 1939.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

And since then, of course, the standard rate of income tax has gone up to 10s. in the pound.

At present the Revenue is collecting about £22,000,000 a week as tax on earnings or incomes received a year ago.

This tax is certainly being deducted at source, but few people realise their year's indebtedness, and still fewer attempt to save up for it.

What would happen, then, if the State "forgave" these mind-harassing arrears? Would Budgets cease to balance or would taxation have to be heavily increased?

Not a bit of it! Current revenue would flow to the Treasury just as before, and, perhaps, more abundantly. During the transition period there might be some theoretical loss in individual cases where death occurred or earnings fell.

But the national income is never seriously affected by particular cases, and the Treasury would sacrifice nothing but a purely theoretical reserve.

If there were to be a sharp slump after the war, and "pay-as-you-go" had been introduced meanwhile, the State could not then screw big income taxation out of an impoverished public pocket.

But the Government's declared purpose is to avoid such a slump. It hopes not only to maintain but to increase national income.

Even if it failed to do this, it would still be impossible to "draw blood from a stone," and, however big might be the claim upon the community for a year's back debt, much of that claim would be worthless through public default.

The State lives for ever; the individual citizen only for a lifetime. What useful purpose, therefore, can it serve for the Government to hold a perpetual claim upon the people's last year's

income, seeing that it can deduct whatever it requires from current earnings?

In short, there is no valid argument against the change-over, but several positive advantages to be gained from it.

What are these advantages? Three are of indisputable importance:

PAY-AS-YOU-GO taxation must tend to prevent inflation because increased earnings will be taxed directly they are received. It will be impossible to spend them before the Revenue gets its fair share.

This new system, as soon as we have grown used to it, will prevent bad debts. Once the public pays what is due as it falls due, the Inland Revenue can have no serious trouble with defaulters.

Finally, the entire tax-paying public will be freed from the burden of an uncertain debt and can thus enjoy peace of mind once more.

Deductions at source, whether weekly, monthly or quarterly, may have to be regraded, and for a while there may be some grumbling among people who do not understand how they are arrived at.

There will, of course, be a good many technical difficulties to overcome, but what do we pay our experts for except to overcome these things?

But in a little while—probably within twelve months—we shall all get used to the new system and a tremendous financial reform will have been accomplished without serious sacrifice to anybody, without hurt to the State, and with notable advantage to the happiness and morale of the whole community.

JOHN BULL advocates this change-over.

The immense majority of the public desires it. The Government approves it in principle.

The Chancellor has promised action. His experts at the Treasury are working on the problem.

This work must be expedited to enable a satisfactory scheme to come into force before the peak of war-time earnings is reached!

Grasshoppers Guide the Guns

A GERMAN battery was tucked into a dip of the hills—a little rocky hollow among trees and bushes.

Every few moments the guns flashed and roared, and a minute later answering shells whistled overhead.

But they, always pitched too far.

Away on the left of the enemy pocket something that looked like a huge bat slipped between the trunks of two trees which formed a wind-break, seemed almost to hover, and vanished again.

A minute later the Allied guns spoke again in the distance, and this time the German battery disintegrated in smoke and flying fragments of metal.

The bat-like object slipped through the gap in the trees again and flitted towards the rocky dip. Crossing a bare patch it lifted itself over some low bushes, skimmed the remains of the German guns, and a man inside spoke into a mouthpiece.

"Range correct!" he announced tersely, and, banking with one wing-tip almost scraping the boulders, went back the way he had come.

No, that isn't part of a story by H. G. Wells.

It is a factual account of what happened on many occasions in Tunisia, and will happen again on many fronts.

The bat-like object which slipped between the tree trunks was an aeroplane—one of a notable band known as the Grasshopper Artillery.

You will remember, some time back, seeing pictures in the papers of a diminutive American plane known as the Piper Cub, which, it was said, could use the back lawn of a suburban house as a landing ground; whose top speed was about 100 m.p.h., but which could fly as slowly as a meandering car; and whose cost was about £150.

"A nice toy for business men after the war," you probably decided.

So it may be.

But meanwhile it is anything but a toy in the hands of the Observation Post Pilots—to give the Grasshopper Artillery their official and more sober title.

For it can now be revealed that the Piper Cub did magnificent work

in the closing stages of the North African campaign, and that its pilots are now getting ready to add to their laurels on other fronts—in Europe!

Low flying is a crime in this country, but the pilots of the Piper Cubs are trained to fly low—literally only a few feet above the ground.

They have developed a special technique which enables them to fly through streets, round houses, and, in the open country, below the observation of ground troops by skimming the long grass in narrow valleys.

★ ★ ★

They have to do it—in self-defence.

The Piper Cub carries no guns, and no armour.

The pilots are artillerymen first and pilots second. The Artillery—not the Air Force—trains them.

The American Fifth Army in Tunisia alone was turning out fifty Grasshopper pilots a month.

How many of them are being turned out for other theatres of war is nobody's business.

But it is quite clear that they and their Cubs are the answer to the artilleryman's prayer!

Mr. JOE CROAN,
Newhaven-on-Forth

DEAR SIR,—By defying the Food Ministry's fish zoning rules you saved 6,000 lb. of fish from being wasted, and forced the Ministry to suspend its regulations.

You did more—you called attention to stupid red-tape which would see fish thrown back into the water rather than relax the rigidity of the rules governing its distribution.

Even in peace time the waste of good fish would have aroused me to anger. That fish can be wasted to-day, when every ounce of food is precious, is a shameful and intolerable scandal.

Your action and your sanity resulted in thousands of Lancashire folk getting a meal of good fresh fish. And it may also result in a slackening of the red-tape octopus that dares even to shackle our food. My congratulations.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES CRICKE, M.P.,
Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Lieut. Arthur D. B. Harre, of the Royal Tank Regiment, was a hero. He won the Military Cross at Dunkirk, and was killed in a big tank battle at El Alamein.

General Montgomery described him as "a magnificent fighter." And your department pays further "tribute" to the memory of this gallant fighter by writing to his father, the Rev. A. T. Harre, asking for the refund of £26 9s. 6d. which had been overpaid the officer.

It is not difficult to imagine the distress caused parents by such letters from your Ministry. The nation owes its dead heroes something money cannot buy. It owes its very safety and existence to them.

And yet cold, inhuman approaches for these trivial sums come from Whitehall.

Can't you stop this "blood" money racket? There's enough pain and sorrow in the land without your officials piling on the agony.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. V. BROOKE,
Leeds

DEAR SIR,—Speaking as a commercial traveller, you told your Association at its conference in London that there was a growing disquiet in Britain that the restoration of peace would not bring with it the restoration of the small trader.

I do not know the grounds for your statement, but I can assure you that I will fight my hardest to see that the little shopkeeper's rights are restored after the war.

The small shop is an integral part in the peace time commercial life of this country. It is part and parcel of our national existence.

Why, more than 100 years ago Napoleon was licked by this nation of shopkeepers, and now Hitler is in process of being licked by the sons and daughters of those men.

In this war the small traders, as a class, have suffered deeply. Their shops have been summarily closed and their trade of the future jeopardised.

Many of the restrictions imposed on them, it seems to me, have been needlessly onerous. And quite a few of them have had the effect of bestowing undue advantages on the great monopolistic concerns.

I have always championed the small shopkeeper. I am their champion still. And I want to see the efficient "little man" given a square deal.

Monopoly trading is not good. That's why the little shops must—and will—reopen when peace comes.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—I hope that the warning you uttered at the annual conference of the Labour Party about the post-war economic battle is taken to heart by the people of this country.

"There will be," you declared, "a terrific battle about the future of the controls and of economic planning. There is going to be a devil of a row as to whether these controls will continue."

Victory, you said, would be incomplete if there were not plans after the war coupled with preparations during the war for securing victory over poverty, insecurity and economic muddle.

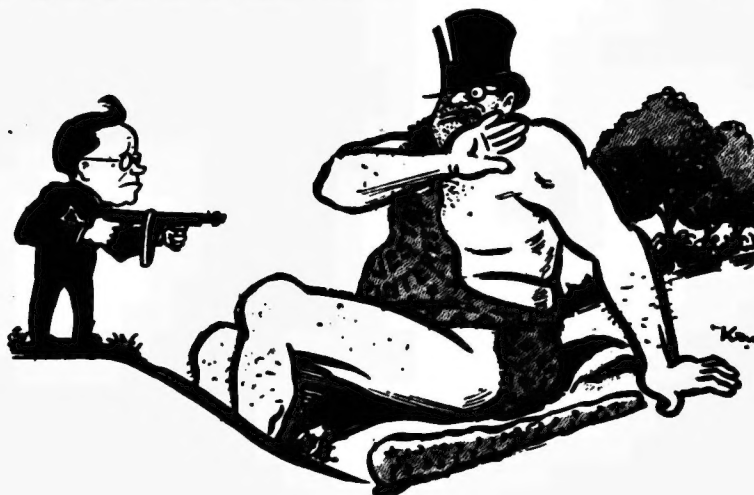
I can visualise the economic clash that lies ahead. On the one side strong, vested interests, "big business" stripped for the fray, ready to plunge into the race for profits, screaming for the rights of private enterprise and resisting to the death any sane economic reforms which might hinder their activities.

On the other side will be the men and women who have fought and toiled and sweated their way to victory. They will demand that security and fair wages and stabilised jobs are the first charges on industry; and they will insist on the State ensuring that "big business" accedes these points.

The battle will be, in its way, as important as the struggle now being fought against the Axis.

It is to men of vision like you that the people must look for leadership when action stations is sounded on the home front.

Fight on, Mr. Morrison, and yield not. The clash will be bitter, the going hard. But this time I feel that the will of the people will prevail and there will be no repetition of the miserable years that followed the last war.—JOHN BULL.



ARGUE IT OUT

"AND 'AVE A BANANA"

BY PALLAS

WHEN I put the box gently and carefully on the table and opened it, my daughter, three and a half, looked intently for several seconds at the unfamiliar object exposed and asked: "What's that, daddy?"

"A banana," I said.
"A 'nana," she echoed. "What's a 'nana?"

"Something we used to eat before the war," I explained. "Children used to love bananas and ate a lot of them. They're supposed to be good for little boys and girls."

I peeled the fruit, cut off a tiny portion and popped it in Janet's mouth.

"Don't you like it?" I asked.
"Well, not very, very much," said Janet.

My wife finished the banana. Janet would have no more, though we put strawberry jam and the cream from the milk on to the fruit.

Some time later I came across several boys, aged about twelve to fourteen. They were "camping out." A most unholy looking concoction was simmering in a billy tin over an open fire.

"What's in the tin?" I asked.
"We're stewing sloes," was the reply.

They'd picked the tiny green sloes and were stewing them in sweetened

water. I declined the invitation to taste the dish, but when I saw them again they said it was "quite good."

Children, like adults, have to improvise these days. They can't get bananas so they stew green sloes or sour crab apples.

Everyday things—at least, what once were everyday things—are vanishing from our ken. We may grieve for some of those things because we adults became accustomed to them.

But the child who has never seen an orange or a lemon or Brazil nuts or bananas cannot yearn for them. What the tongue hasn't tasted the palate cannot grieve for. And the days when the sideboard never lacked the glowing colour of the orange bowl or the rosy hue of the apple dish are nearly forgotten.

Not by mothers, of course. They don't forget the value of those things that men can do without so easily. They don't forget the virtues of the health-giving apples and the orange juice rich in vitamin C.

Our kiddies will have new delights to enjoy after the war. They have learned unwittingly to do without.

And in some ways they will have to be re-educated so that they will appreciate what the children of my generation accepted as a matter of course.

Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT SIMON,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—As head of our judicial system, you must be deeply concerned at the way in which the Divorce Division is unable to keep abreast of its work.

About 1,000 cases remained to be heard when the judges rose for the Whitsun vacation. New cases are pouring in. And some of the petitioners must despair ever of gaining legally the freedom they seek.

I know of one petition filed in March, 1940, which is still on the list. Can you picture the mental strain imposed by a waiting period of more than three years? And can you deny the impeachment that some sort of reform should have been introduced many months ago?

A committee is considering certain suggestions which may end this terrible congestion. In the meantime, I suppose, the unhappy people caught in the legal morass must just mope and wait.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P.,
President, the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—The prosecution of a one-man tailor at Bath, who was fined 5s. for making men's trousers too wide, makes me wonder.

You had a lawyer prosecuting for your department; you had inspectors present in court to give evidence; and your officials heard the statement that: "It is ridiculous to prosecute small tailors for tiny offences."

During the hearing of the case it was admitted by one of your inspectors that, whereas men's trousers could be made only 19 in. at the bottom, women were allowed to have them 21 in.

This is against all tradition. A woman loves to emphasise slender ankles. She will go out of her way to adorn and embellish well-turned legs. But the poor male, lacking beauty in his limbs, is given two inches less of camouflage.

Really, Mr. Dalton! We men demand protection. Cut the female camouflage and give us a chance to hide thoroughly our skinny, bony legs. One inch more, and how much it is!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. F. D. TURNER,
Royal Eastern Mental Institution

DEAR DOCTOR,—Your revelation that youths released on licence from the Institution are earning up to £11 a week on war work surprises me.

It is true, as you say, that risks are being taken, though no doubt that before such youths are permitted to go out into the world they are thoroughly "vetted," so that there can be no possible harm resulting from their release.

It is true, too, that the war effort comes first. None the less, the general public will be gravely concerned about the possibilities of these boys' freedom.

Even in a war like this too high a price can be paid for labour. The price I have in mind will, I hope, not be paid.—JOHN BULL.

LORD BRIDGEMAN,
Director-General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—I welcome—who will not?—your instructions to Home Guard commanders to exclude the older men from their battle platoons.

My regret is that the commanders did not use their common sense months ago—before some elderly men collapsed and died during strenuous exercises.

The danger should have been obvious enough—it was certainly pointed out by JOHN BULL.

Sea's Biggest Thrill—

Ramming U-boats

"STAND by to ram!"

Crackling over the loud-speakers of a destroyer, or bellowed from the bridge of mine-sweeper or trawler, this command marks the supreme moment in the lives of our escort crews.

Lying braced against steel walls and stanchions in those few seconds before the crashing collision, they never know for certain whether hunter or prey is going to be "for it."

When, recently, the old destroyer *Viscount* rammed a U-boat in the Atlantic, her commander ordered "Full astern" just before they hit. As a result of this nice control *Viscount* came to a rest on top of the sub, biting deep into her hull and sending her down in a swirl of oil and wreckage.

But, even so, *Viscount* had to sail 1,000 miles to port minus her bows!

Then there was the destroyer *Harvester*, who forced up an Atlantic U-boat with depth charges, and then tore in to ram as the life-jacketed Nazis tumbled on deck.

"We felt the U-boat bump along under our keel," as a *Harvester* man said later, "and then she got jammed somewhere under the stern, and stayed there for about ten minutes before breaking away."

Harvester now found she could use one engine only and was unable to go astern—maybe the sub had fouled her screws—so she radioed up the Free French corvette *Aconit*. By now the damaged U-boat was surfaced again, with her remaining crew on deck.

Aconit blinded them with her searchlights and went in to ram, hitting amidships and flinging back a pattern of depth charges as she climbed over and down.

Some of the big ocean-going U-boats are mighty tough. The crew of the 600-ton corvette *Dianthus*, which finally smashed a U-boat twice her size after ramming four times, will bear this out.

One of the most dramatic rams was when the Canadian corvette *Oakville* dispatched a U-boat in the Caribbean. The first charge carried her right over the still rising sub; the second, after a tight turn, took her right into and over the U-boat.

Then, as she turned again, came the stirring order, "Away, boarding party!" She hit again, turned, ran alongside the wounded sub, and two of the boarding party dropped down 8 ft. on to the sub's heaving slippery deck.

Armed only with a revolver, a spanner and a flashlight apiece, and almost naked, these two men shot two Germans who tried to rush them, drove several others overboard, and forced those below to come on deck!

The corvette had meanwhile charged far off to deal with other U-boats in the pack, but the two Canadians calmly marshalled their prisoners, flashed a signal to their ship, and waited until the submarine was sliding into her last dive before plunging into the sea and herding the Germans towards the returning *Oakville*.



Meal-time is just part of the fun in a modern nursery school. But all youngsters should have a chance to share the fun!

Give the Young a Square Deal!

★ Poverty, lack of good schools and medical services, deprive millions of our children of a decent start in life. To remedy this disgrace we must have the Beveridge Plan—and quickly

THERE are three million children in this country under the age of five.

Mr. Bevin admits they represent more than a full-time job for their millions of mothers.

He nevertheless casts covetous eyes on those mothers as potential labour for the war factories.

Still Skilful

For most of them, being young, gave up their jobs only a few years ago, and still retain their old work-bench skill.

And, being young, most of them have a variety of reasons for wanting to do a war job.

To begin with, they are predominantly the wives of front-line troops.

That means scraping along on small allowances—unless some full- or part-time job can be found.

And that means, again, that the chance of earning a little extra money is more tempting to them than to any other section of the community.

Nor must it be forgotten that the urge to be making or handling something that is going to be of direct help in the overthrowing of the Nazi régime is just as strong in them as in any other people.

Well, what stands in their way?

There are the people who say that a mother's place is with her children—every hour of every day and night, come sleepless nights and childish illnesses and all the other alarms and disturbances that can wear a woman out.

All—because it is war time—to be borne alone, 365 days out of 365, and without a peep at the sea or green fields.

Those who urge this unbroken slavery are usually people who, according to the Archbishop of Canterbury in one of his recent unpublicised speeches, may have nurseries in some remote part of their homes to which children can be consigned for hours on end.

Anti-Everything

They opposed for years any proposals to ameliorate the lot of the millions of mothers of this country who couldn't afford nursemaids.

They are opposing everything in the Beveridge scheme that would make life a little more livable for those women.

They are dead against the nursery school and children's nursery movements.

"State regimentation" is the phrase that comes handy to them to describe the very laudable aim of giving to children between two and five that care which welfare societies bestow on children up to two and the schools after five.

They are planning a national campaign against the "sinister" suggestion of the National Society of Children's Nurseries that every mother should be given a day's holiday from her children once a week.

And what have they achieved? They are largely responsible for the fact that there is only nursery accommodation for 73,904 of our three million under-fives.

That means they have dangerously raided our resources of woman-power.

Do they think they are speaking in the interests of children?

Due to them and legislators of their way of thinking scores of thousands of working mothers, having no official nurseries at which to leave their children, are depositing them in dubious private hands.

All over the country women are taking in war workers' children at 2s., 2s. 6d. and even 3s. a day—half rations to be brought with them.

No permission has to be got. There is no supervision. One can't even be sure that some of the youngsters don't lose some part of their all-important war rations on the deal.

Easy Money

No wonder the children's societies are alarmed at what is happening in some of these homes.

"We've had some very nasty cases," says that splendid body the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Some women are making £10 a week and more out of this unofficial and unsupervised "nursing."

They have no skill at detecting when a child is "sickening" for something. And for one child to get an infectious or contagious disease means that the whole lot must have it.

There is another aspect of this.

The young mother may get no more than £3 a week in her part-time job. She has fares to her work. She has fares to the so-called nursery.

She may find herself with very few shillings for her week's work.

I've stressed the war aspect. But for years we have been breaking hundreds of thousands of splendid young women on the wheel of motherhood in this way.

Breaking their marriages, too. I've the authority of a police court missionary of wide experience for that.

WAITING FOR BEVERIDGE.—I

By

MAURICE FAGENCE

And every year we are starting on their school careers 100,000 little five-year-olds who are physically or mentally impaired where, in most cases, they would be quite normal if the mothers were not so chronically overworked.

Children get burned to death and scalded to death and drowned in wash-tubs. The children's societies will tell you how many thousands die in those moments when poor, tired mothers are looking the other way.

Oh, yes, a woman's place is with her children, within reason!

But is a child's place always beside mother when she is scrubbing or black-leading or cleaning the drains or carrying out of her multifarious tasks?

To be with other children is the child's university. Children, like adults, become anti-social if they never mix with "people" of their own generation.

But guidance must be there if the child is to develop properly. Such guidance as the nursery schools and children's nurseries can give. And such supervision that it can never get from an overworked, overwrought and nerve-racked mother.

Left Outside

You've seen children peeping through the doors of pubs at mum and dad, expecting a glass of lemonade or a packet of crisps to be sent out now and then to while away the time. But always hoping that mum and dad won't be long.

People are always reporting those cases to the N.S.P.C.C. And the N.S.P.C.C., a wise and understanding body which doesn't, as so many people think, always regard dad and mum as in the wrong, makes inquiries.

What does it find? Those parents whose children peep through bar doors are very, very rarely bad parents. It is hard to convince the people who complain of that truth, but they are not.

They are usually parents who'd be hanged, drawn and quartered rather than leave their children alone in the house.

Bad parents leave their children at home, terrified in their loneliness, but again too terrified to cry and give the game away to the neighbours.

But why the pub? Isn't there anywhere else they could take their children?

No. It has to be the pub if you can only have an hour out with your husband once a week and want your children near you.

And so pub door peeping is at its peak between 6.30 and 7.30 p.m.

It is the people who deny the mothers of Britain a little rest from the children they love who are keeping those youngsters at the pub doors. The self-described reformers. The people who mouth about "State regimentation" and "a mother's place is with her children."

All the things I have described happen while we are waiting for Beveridge, and for all those other social reforms which are going to be a corollary of Beveridge.

Four-Year Plan

Particularly the nurseries for the two- to five-year-olds of every working mother six days a week, and every other mother one day a week, which is the aim of the new Four-Year Plan of the National Society of Children's Nurseries, and the nursery schools which we have got to have.

We can only stop it happening if we make sure that social reforms which are long overdue, and which are so readily promised for after the war, are not conveniently shoved in a pigeon-hole and forgotten, as they will be if we are not vigilant.

Europe's Siege Begins

★ Can land-locked Hitler hold his fortress? Though its garrison is still immensely strong, it lacks a roof! And there are other factors he must reckon with—factors that assure us of final victory and may even bring us a swift victory. The next three months will be vital—

—Says A. G. GARDINER—

THE siege of Europe has begun, and the next three months should go far to decide the issue of the war and the destiny of the world. What the decision will be is beyond our vision, but the forces, palpable and impalpable, that will shape it can be measured.

Let us look at the palpable forces first. The dominating fact of the war is that in the fourth year Hitler's offensive has been utterly defeated.

His scheme was to conquer Europe and the world by a sudden and overwhelming blow. That scheme is dead.

It was thwarted in the West in the Battle of Britain. It has crashed ruinously in the East at Stalingrad and the Caucasus. It has collapsed irretrievably in the Mediterranean.

THE BLITZKRIEG HAS RECOILED ON HIM, AND THE INITIATIVE HAS PASSED FROM HIM. HE IS ON THE DEFENSIVE, A PRISONER IN THE FORTRESS THAT HE HAS MADE OF A CONQUERED EUROPE.



Italy's gangster chief has good reason to look down in the mouth now!

Turn from the land to the sea and the air. How completely the dominion of the air has passed to us is, perhaps, the decisive fact of the war.

And the fortress, however strong its walls, has no roof. The devastation of the Ruhr, the power-house of Germany, is witness of that.

In their alarm at the loss of the air, the enemy have staked everything upon denying us the use of the sea. The U-boat is the only form of offensive warfare left to them.

Nor can we ignore its gravity. If it could cut our life-line, it would avert invasion. It would isolate us, cripple us, even destroy us.

RECENT EVENTS HAVE GONE FAR TO JUSTIFY MR. CHURCHILL'S PREDICTION THAT THE U-BOAT WILL NOT STAND BETWEEN US AND VICTORY. THE GAP IN THE ATLANTIC HAS BEEN CLOSED, AND THE NEW ESCORT MEASURES SHOULD REMOVE THE DANGER ALTOGETHER.

But we must beware of a last desperate plunge with surface raiders, which may well coincide with the most critical phase of the invasion.

In this estimate of the balance of power, there are three other factors which tell in our favour. Whether in manpower or production, we are on the upgrade, Germany on the downgrade.

Hitler has suffered enormous losses in Russia and Tunisia, and in all the satellite countries there is a growing resistance to his demands. Watch what is happening in Hungary. As to production: the Axis is now left hopelessly behind in the race.

Next is the position of the Axis itself. Italy is on the rocks. She has ceased to be an asset of Germany, and is fast becoming a liability. Japan is far off, and can give no

help. And the Quisling-controlled countries, especially France, are swinging on the flowing tide of the Allies.

Meanwhile, the collaboration of the United Nations, in spirit and strategy, grows daily in power and solidarity.

The third factor relates to the two vital resources of oil and transport. There is much constructive evidence that in both these essentials Germany is feeling the pinch.

THE FAILURE TO SEIZE THE CAUCASIAN OIL WELLS, AND THE LOCOTIVE FAMINE, AGGRAVATED BY THE LOSSES IN RUSSIA AND THE DESTRUCTION BY OUR FIGHTER-BOMBERS, MAY WELL BE A FATAL HANDICAP IN THE DEFENCE OF THE FORTRESS-CONTINENT.

I do not stress these points unduly, for precise evidence is lacking.

So far I have dealt with the palpable facts. I come to the impalpable, but no less weighty, considerations.

In war the moral element is at least as important as the material. Napoleon said it was more important.

Now, there is no doubt that on the moral plane the war has undergone as dramatic a reversal as on the material.

Take first the case of the enemy. The Germans, as we know, are not good fighters when they have their backs to the wall. "Bullies in victory; whimpers in defeat," as the American Ambassador said of them.

They have their backs to the wall now. Defeat stares them in the face. The Hitler legend is in the dust. The foe is closing in on them all round. One shattering blow follows another.

Goebbels with his propaganda and Himmler with his Gestapo are struggling to stop the rot with threats and appeals to the home front. But they cannot stop it in Ger-

many any more than Mussolini can stop it in Italy.

How can they stop it, with the terrific visible facts to give them the lie? Germany is beaten, and knows she is beaten. Defeatism is rampant.

So much for the moral of the enemy. As their moral falls that of the United Nations, stimulated by the astonishing events of the past six months, rises.

In the darkest days we never doubted of victory. Even after Dunkirk and the fall of France we did not lose faith.

Now with the command of the air and the sea, with mighty allies marching abreast with us, with Italy rocking and with France reborn, we know that victory shines ahead.

It is certain, and it may be very near. And the moral stimulus that comes from this assurance is worth armies in the field.

And there is another phase of this moral war. It may prove to be the most potent of all.

All Europe is transfigured by the new shape of things. The little nations that have cowered before the tyrant have recovered hope and await the hour to strike. The millions of slaves whom Hitler's slave drivers have brought into the German factories wait, too.

They have a terrible account to settle, and they will settle it. Russians, Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, French, British—all are there, all waiting. There looms such a gaol delivery in Germany as the world has never seen.

THESE ARE THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH THE SIEGE OF EUROPE BEGINS. IT IS A TERRIFIC VENTURE AND THE DANGERS ARE MANY. THERE WILL BE DISAPPOINTMENTS AND SETBACKS AND MANY SACRIFICES. BUT THE GOAL IS SURE. AND, I REPEAT, IT MAY BE VERY NEAR.

Are They Running Short of Germans?

IT was to provide for the defence of a besieged Continent that Hitler last February ordered the "total mobilization" of Germany's manpower.

The Stalingrad disaster and losses on other fronts in Russia had just deprived the Wehrmacht of over a million men. Hitler's plan was to raise at least three million more.

According to the whole scheme, the new German army was to be ready within six months. August was the key-date—it coincides with the admission of captured Nazi generals that Hitler expected the Afrika Korps to hold out until then.

In February, too, Hitler realised that he would have to release the Italian divisions from the Russian front, make do with a decimated Rumanian army, and allow the Hungarians to withdraw and "fight Bolshevism at home."

He was equally sure that the Russian front would tie up at least 190 of a total of 320 divisions which he had then at his disposal.

Fifty or 60 divisions were doomed in Russia, and though Hitler himself is a gambler, his generals were to have pressed for provision against the threat of defeat in a

The Continent was to be less every day, and the threat of invasion from any direction has forced Hitler to increase his garrisons in the West.

A vast army now serves in Germany and along the new bomb alleys which Allied planes take regularly on their road to the Ruhr.

Not even 300 new men could cope with this huge task. The Wehrmacht, in numbers, is smaller than it was when it included all remaining satellite forces—a total of 300 divisions to-day.

With nearly 100 divisions on the Russian front, and a hundred other fronts, the German army is leaving Hitler with a small and potential

There are, even now, no more than 60 divisions in the West—along a coastline of over 1,800 miles, of which any point may become a principal battlefield.

For a long time now the remaining 40 divisions have had to be spread out to cover the Mediterranean coast of France, assist in Italy's defence, help to protect the Balkans, wait for Hitler's order to march into Bulgaria, and watch the strategic possibilities of Spain.

One thing, however, seems certain: the German army has not seriously deteriorated in quality. The same can't be said about the Luftwaffe and the enemy navy.

There the best men, the men on whom successful operations depend, have been rapidly killed off. And especially in the U-boat warfare these "aces" are essential.

And so, if a sober balance is taken of Germany's fighting strength, the fact emerges that, with the severest tests ahead, the power of the German forces, though still great, is less than it's ever been in this war.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

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WILLI FRISCHAUER.

★ The war has no finer story than the cool, self-sacrificing work of our doctors in uniform. They even penetrate the enemy lines to find their patients

By JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON
The War Correspondent

DOCTORS were among the first men ashore from Allied invasion barges at Pantellaria. They were treating the Italians for bomb-shock only a few minutes after our bombing had stopped!

But they are always "quick off the mark." And always prepared to work in front of our front line. I know, because I've seen them doing it.

Believe me, there is no spot too hot for the young surgeons and medical orderlies of the R.A.M.C. Some of them even go into action by parachute!

First to do so, it is thought, was Lieutenant Charles Grenville Rob—and I can't imagine either bomb or bullet ever ruffling his air of deliberate calm.

North Africa gave him his big opportunity. After taking part in a 350-mile trip, he followed into space the "Red Devils," as our parachutists are known, when they descended like giant daisies on to land the enemy coveted.

The Nazis were fighting mad. The doctor when he hit the ground. For a moment he was a little dazed and just a little tired.

But, quickly pulling himself together, Rob helped his orderlies to prepare a medical outpost hundreds of miles in the rear of the enemy's front line, and started work upon the many paratroops who dropped in for treatment.

"That guy's a real wonder," one parachutist was heard to remark when Rob his "operating theatre" constantly under fire, went coolly on with his task. He was as cool, in fact, as any Harley Street physician, and so magnificently did he work that few of his serious cases failed to pull through.

Short of Supplies

But, miles from base, surrounded by ruthless Nazis, Rob knew he could not hold out for very long. Bandages, medicines, and—most important of all—plasma became short.

Supplies were parachuted to earth and eased the situation for a few hours—and the German fighters appeared to make an important military objective of the orderlies who rushed over to pick up the packages that meant life or death to many a struggling soldier.

Thus, the young doctor was able to continue his work far beyond the expected period.

Then, in the middle of a gravely dangerous operation, he ran short of plasma—and his patient urgently needed a blood transfusion!

The medical orderlies were in despair. But Rob calmly said, in his best bedside manner, "I'll give a pint of my own blood."

Outside, bullets pattered against rocks. Bombs, dropped by the Luftwaffe upon British concentrations but a few hundred yards away, made the operating tent literally shake.

But the doctor completed his task, and the man to whom he so quickly gave his own blood in a crisis lived to take part in the advance on Tunis.

Cut Off

While this operation was being performed a youthful doctor was tending the wounded in another sector menaced by enemy armoured divisions.

Suddenly the whine of shells

Life Savers of the Front Line

and clatter of machine-guns ceased. To the men, tense in the "operating theatre," it seemed as if a giant sack had enveloped the battlefield and muffled the sounds of strife and the clatter of machines of death.

They were astounded.

A few minutes later, when the tent began to sway, the truth dawned upon them. It was a sand-storm!

But the doctor, in the midst of a most intricate task, could not and would not leave his patient. While orderlies gripped the tent pole and ropes to prevent the tent from being blown away, the doctor continued his fight for life.

His patient, like so many of Lieutenant Rob's, survived.

I was talking the other day to a young R.A.F. pilot. He was full of praise for the bravery of a medical man who risked everything to save his life.

Risked his Life

"I was on patrol," this flight-lieutenant told me, "when I spotted three Germans shooting-up a fleet of ambulances with their cannons."

"I got the blighters in a nice position, then gave 'em a squirt. Two of the Huns turned for base and I didn't see any more of them. The other decided to fight."

"I grounded him, but developed engine trouble and came down behind the enemy lines."

"Apparently one of the doctors had spotted me crash through field-glasses. When darkness fell he brought out a stretcher party to find me."

"I had hurt my leg and taken shelter in a bomb crater."

"That doctor, never knowing when he might tread on a land-mine and be blown sky-high, or come to face with a stop-at-nothing patrol, finally reached me, put me on the stretcher, and plodded back through the enemy lines."

"I can never repay you for



Despite the whine of shells and rattle of machine guns, the surgeons work on calmly in the operating tent

this, doc.," I said, as he dressed my leg. I don't think I'll ever forget his answer, either."

Just Team Work

"Just team-work, sonny!"

Certainly it's team-work. Thus the R.A.F. flying ambulances have played a noble rôle in reducing the number of fatal casualties following wounds.

It is not always possible, on such a vast battlefield, to take doctors to all the assorted corners where wounded men are to be found; so the R.A.F., by various methods, carry those cases needing urgent and specialist treatment back to base hospitals.

During the great 8th Army advance, 2,800 men were treated in this manner.

Pilots who flew these sick men to health often had a big surprise. One lad from Glasgow, helping to place a wounded major aboard his air ambulance, recognised him as his father, a veteran of the 51st Division!

You'll be glad to hear that after a difficult operation the father survived.

Yet another pilot, an Australian, came face to face with a brother he had not seen for ten years.

Wounds Ignored

But to return to the doctors. Some have worked, with bullets in their shoulder or legs, until they dropped from loss of blood. Others have gone out, in the face of murderous fire, to bring back a near-dead German.

Not always has the enemy treated our medical men as non-combatants, and one could readily understand if they did not give the enemy wounded first-class attention.

But our front-line medical men are made of the right material.

They proved that in France, Norway, Greece, Africa. They will prove it again, I have no doubt, in the near future. They'll be in the invasion van!

By OUR SPECIAL
★
COMMISSIONER

HIGH-WAGE SCRAMBLE LEADS TO CRIME

EXCESSIVE wages, plus lack of parental control, are creating a new race of dead-end kids.

Juvenile court magistrates, welfare workers and youth club organisers are finding in this fact one of the biggest and gravest problems of war time life, particularly in the big cities.

While Ministry of Labour experts state that most young persons are not earning excessive wages, it is nevertheless true that many youngsters between fourteen and eighteen are earning fantastic sums.

RUINED CAREERS

Too many boys who, on leaving school in normal times, would become apprenticed to a useful trade, are now flowing into war time blind-alley jobs in which the wages are high and the prospects after the war are low.

"By attracting boys and girls into the least progressive types of work, high wages have ruined a large percentage of their careers," said Mr. George A. Lord in his recent presidential address to the National Association of Employment and Welfare Officers.

These youngsters are going out for "big money"—and in so doing are being turned automatically into the "Dead-end Kids" of war time industry.

Many of these young people on leaving school bluntly refuse offers of apprenticeship. They say: "We shall be going into the Army very soon, so let us have a good time now and get the highest wages we can."

What are the results?

First, gambling and drunkenness among young people is increasing.

From gambling and drink to crime is but a short step, and too many youngsters have taken that step.

THRILL BY STEALING

At Chelsea Juvenile Court, two boys aged fifteen and sixteen were brought before the magistrate for stealing lighters and other property from the pockets of coats left in a hotel cloak-room.

Both boys were earning £3 10s. a week. After paying for board and lodging at home, each had £2 a week for pocket money!

Not content with that, they went in for a little stealing—probably for the thrill.

From another part of London is thrown a further beam of light on this problem. Youths were employed at a boot factory, selling Army boots at piece-

work rates. Their average earnings were from £9 to £10 a week.

Two of them recently appeared in Court on a charge of attempting to steal from a shop!

These youngsters are not dyed-in-the-wool criminals, but high-spirited youths who turn to petty pilfering and shop stealing as a form of excitement. Part of their trouble is that they lack parental control.

At greyhound tracks, boys are gambling in pounds, while older men risk a shilling or two.

They drink heavily to prove they are "men." They attend dance-halls or cinemas almost every night of the week, and boast of being "out for a good time."

Many of these highly paid boys are not engaged in war work. I find that at some West End theatres call-boys of sixteen are earning as much as £7 a week—£2 as wages and £5 in tips, which are free of income tax.

At bottle parties and shady night-clubs, youths are earning anything from £8 a week upwards. This is one of the worst types of employment, and its dangers are obvious.

LIE-A-BEDS

One of these lads, when questioned, told me frankly:

"The hours are a bit late, but I can lie in bed as long as I like in the mornings. Then, when I want a break, I chuck up my job and have a week or two off, so that I can enjoy myself and spend some of my money."

"I can always get a new job any time I want to start work again."

Page-boys at the fashionable hotels are also earning large sums in tips owing to war time conditions.

There is, indeed, an unregulated scramble for high wages not only in the West End entertainment centres, but in the war industries. The young are able to "cash in" on the scarcity of adult labour.

Children leaving school at fourteen are flocking into the war factories. In one Midland city 15,000 boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are making munitions. Their average wage is over £5 a week.

Too often high wages are earned at the expense of health. At Sheffield recently it was found that seventeen-year-old boys working in steel factories were earning from £6 to £8 for a working week of from seventy to eighty hours.

The effect of these hours of labour on

undeveloped physique must inevitably be serious, as medical men are pointing out.

Many of the girls employed in London war factories have become a "headache" to welfare officers.

These girls just don't know what to do with their money. They squander it on silk stockings and other clothing, usually bought without coupons from Black Market men who haunt these factory districts, and who have agents among the workers themselves.

Many of them know nothing of home life. Their evenings are spent at dance halls in the West End, where they run into all kinds of trouble.

"Girls or boys, the problem is largely the same," said a probation officer to a JOHN BULL representative.

"High wages, and lack of parental control, due maybe to the mother being engaged on war work, while father is serving with the Forces, mean that many of the peace time restraints on youth have disappeared."

Fortunately, there are societies which are doing their best to meet the needs of the times.

An official of the National Association of Boys Clubs tells me: "We are doing our best to deal with this problem. Apart from the organisation of clubs, we have arranged 260 training courses in various parts of the country for youngsters, and they are meeting with success. Our main object is to develop character, and to teach the young a decent way of living."



High wages often hide rotten working conditions, says Sir H. Llewellyn Smith

The Association's chairman, Sir Herbert Llewellyn Smith, has laid his finger on one important point.

Boys are often paid exceptionally high wages as a consolation for bad working conditions.

In this respect, the Government must provide the remedy. The Ministry of Labour is at last taking action to scale down excessive working hours; it should next increase its factory inspectors so that "bad working conditions" cease to be an indirect cause of juvenile delinquency.

And no longer should employers be allowed to outbid one another in the scramble to get juvenile labour at any cost!

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WHAT IS MORRISON'S FUTURE?

● Even after his defeat by Greenwood as candidate for the key position of treasurer, Herbert Morrison showed himself the outstanding figure at the Labour Conference.

His setback can be attributed to the anger of the trade unionists because he had flouted them, chiefly over his fire-watching orders, his alleged bureaucratic methods, his speech against the implementation of the Beveridge Plan, and his so-called "cockiness."

Then his admirable speeches on policy, made without reference to the executive, annoyed many who thought he was exceeding his authority.

Morrison, now off the executive, will for a year be only an ordinary member of the Party.

In that time he will be so much missed that next year should find him in a stronger position than ever, perhaps even in the running as Labour's next Premier.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE WAR SONGS?

● War songs are born of strong human emotions. To-day we have arrived at a stage when we are used to the war and placid about it, when, unless there is a raid near us, we are seldom excited.

The early days gave birth to the high promise of "We'll Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line," soon made ridiculous by the collapse of France.

Then, "Oh, What a Surprise for the Duce," was true enough when the Italians were being given such a hiding in Albania. The arrival of

Hitler's troops and the consequent conquest of Greece, however, soon made that song untrue.

As for "There Will Always be an England," the English soon got tired about singing about the country lanes. Besides, it annoyed the Scots.

To-day, "Roll Out the Barrel" is very seldom heard. If a big war song is to come now, it will no doubt be written by the Americans, who are more exalted in their attitudes than we are, who have more vocal fervour, and who, at least in an outward way, take things more seriously.

WHAT HAS RUSSIA TAUGHT US MOST?

● We can take for granted Russian courage, for it is a virtue not peculiar to themselves.

But the chief lesson to be learned from that great nation's marvellous resistance is the way in which it has given opportunities to all its citizens by abolishing class, and so allowing the best qualities to be developed in all of them.

The proud German High Command was beaten not only by the heroism of the peasants, but by the high skill, sometimes akin to genius, of the Soviet generals, who started as privates, but to whom no bar was put up because they were born in some little home.

Russia's professors, doctors, scientists and engineers are largely born of families which, in Tsarist days or in our own system, would have had to remain as working-class people instead of having all the educational advantages of what we consider the right only of a privileged few.

That is why, in twenty-five years, Russia has advanced more than any other nation in twice the time.

THIS SOCIETY IS JUST A SHAM!

If you receive an appeal—either written, printed or from a caller—seeking funds for the "National Christian Literature Society of Great Britain and Northern Ireland," ignore it. Despite its impressive title and aims, this concern is just a wicked sham.

In fact, it is really only another name for a man named James Davidson Younie—who, from offices in London,

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. T. R. Bowen, King's Avenue, Rhyl, has been awarded this week's £1 ls. for interesting information.

Readers are invited to write about any suspected rump or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Edinburgh, Birmingham and other towns, has been running it for some years supposedly to aid certain hospitals with funds and literature.

Out of one particular sum of £474 collected, only £11 appears to have been given to this purpose.

Some agents have been paid 9s. in the £ commission.

Others have been permitted to deduct their share from their collections and post the balance on to Younie.

Out of £11 6s. 4d. raised by one collector, he deducted £5 6s. 3d. as his recognised "share."

We have a large dossier about this bogus society and about others with which it has been affiliated from time to time.

It is a choice example of what happens in such cases unless the greatest care is taken to supervise appeals or to allocate funds.

Man and the Monument

PERCY'S world was first of all the basement of a tall house near Tufnell Park, and the only people in it were Mum and Dad. Later on, Dick Whittington and Robinson Crusoe and Aladdin came along; though they weren't actually there; they were only talked about.

Later still came pictures of them, so that Percy knew them pretty well by sight.

When he was three years old he got out one day when Mum wasn't looking and at the foot of Highgate Hill he was astonished to find Dick Whittington himself up on the top of a pub.

Percy was too young to understand that a pub was a pub, but there was no doubt at all about Dick Whittington being up there on the top of this one. Young Percy would have known him anywhere.

The odd thing was that Dick Whittington, up there on the top of the pub, never moved.

It worried Percy for a long time after Dad had given him a good hiding for Going Out Without Asking. It worried him so much that when he could slip out again he slipped—and had another look. And found that Dick Whittington was still up there on the top of the pub—and that he hadn't moved an inch! A real mystery....

But an even more peculiar thing was that on a lovely lawn behind some railings in Archway Road young Percy found his hero all over again.

Dick Whittington was two!

Percy was quite upset about it. He asked Dad a question or two, but Dad only gave him another good hiding and put him to bed.

And he was wondering if the mystery would ever be explained to him when, suddenly, one warm summer's day, Uncle Henry turned up.

Uncle Henry had a habit of turning up, with long gaps in between. And whenever Uncle Henry turned up Mum got on with the washing and didn't speak any more that day. And Dad stood in the window and stared out into the street and grunted and smoked like a chimney.

Another mystery... but whatever it was it only made Uncle Henry laugh and gave young Percy a shilling.

Percy liked Uncle Henry better than anybody. He wasn't like anybody else. He had a red face and a great bellow of a laugh; he had rings on his fingers and a big gold albert across his middle, and he always smoked a cigar with a Lovely Smell.

Percy couldn't understand why Mum and Dad should get The Sults whenever Uncle Henry turned up. Uncle Henry was Better Than Real.

Anyway, this time, when Uncle Henry took him out to spend the shilling, Percy thought he'd put it to him about the two Dick Whittingtons, because Uncle Henry would be sure to know. Uncle Henry knew everything.

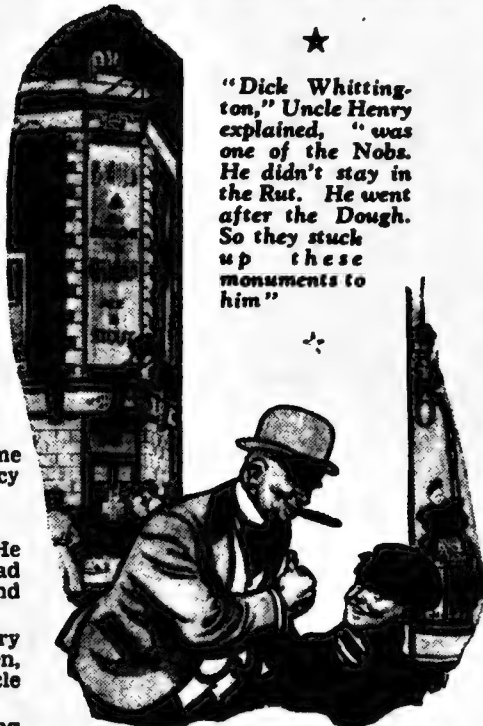
"Let's go and look," said Uncle Henry. And they went first to see the Dick Whittington on top of the pub and then the Dick Whittington on the lovely lawn.

"Those," said Uncle Henry, "are monuments."

"Monuments?" said Percy.

"Dick Whittington," Uncle Henry explained, "was one of the Nobs. He didn't stay in the Rut. He went after the Dough. So they stuck up these monuments to him."

It puzzled Percy. And when they got back home and Uncle Henry patted him on the head and told Dad that he'd be one of the Nobs one day it puzzled him more than ever. And when Uncle Henry was gone he asked Dad what staying in the Rut meant.



"Dick Whittington," Uncle Henry explained, "was one of the Nobs. He didn't stay in the Rut. He went after the Dough. So they stuck up these monuments to him"

Which annoyed Dad so much that Percy got his third good hiding and was put to bed again.

It was a cold frosty day when Uncle Henry turned up again, but otherwise things were just the same. Mum got on with the washing and didn't speak any more. And Dad stood in the window and stared into the street and grunted and smoked like a chimney.

And Uncle Henry laughed and gave Percy a shilling and buttoned his little overcoat across his chest and took him out for a walk.

They went up Highgate Hill and into Waterlow Park, and there, on a large stone, they found Sir Sydney Waterlow, complete with his umbrella.

BY this time Percy was a wiser boy. "Is that a monument?" he asked.

"It is," said Uncle Henry. And he sat down on a seat and looked at Percy.

"Yes," he said, "that's a monument to Sir Sydney Waterlow, that is. And why? Because Sir Sydney was one of the Nobs, like Dick Whittington. He didn't mean to stay in the Rut, either. He went after the Dough."

And Uncle Henry puffed at his big cigar and laughed.

"Whatever you do, Percy, my boy," he said, "don't stay in the Rut. See what it's done for the dear old Dad! You go after the Dough, old son. It's there if you want it. Fame! Anybody can chop firewood."

Which, although he didn't understand it at the time, got under Percy's skin and stayed there.

"Come with me," said Uncle Henry. "I'll show you."

And he took him down Swain's Lane

and into Highgate Cemetery and showed him the stones over the last resting-places of Karl Marx and George Eliot and other famous people.

"You see," he said. "You don't have to chop firewood, however you start. This is just Highgate. There are monuments to people who got out of the Rut all over the place. Thousands of them. But there are millions of people chopping firewood. Don't you be silly when you grow up, Percy, old son."

Next morning he asked Mum when Uncle Henry would be coming again.

"I don't think he is," said Mum. "Ever."

But Mum was wrong, although she never lived to know it. Nor did Dad.

For Uncle Henry came again, just once more, to Highgate.

He was a very old man by this time, very slow, and not so red as he had been in his prime.

HE found the old house near Tufnell Park, but no news of his dead brother. And though he asked and asked and asked, it was afternoon before he found Percy, standing just inside a large gate.

"I don't suppose you'll remember me," said the old man. "I'm your Uncle Henry."

Percy literally gave a leap of joy. "Remember you?" he cried. "Of course I remember you. Never forgotten you. Couldn't. Why—I owe everything to you, and the advice you gave me when I was a nipper."

Old Uncle Henry looked closer at Percy.

He saw a plumping middle-aged man with a red face and a great bellow of a laugh. He saw, too, that Percy had rings on his fingers and a big gold albert across his middle and that he was smoking a great cigar with a Lovely Smell.

"I'm one of the Nobs now, you see," said Percy. "I remembered all you said. I got out of the Rut. I went after the Dough."

"Lovely!" said old Uncle Henry. "And what are you doing now?"

"Nothing," said Percy. "I let others do it for me! All this business is mine, you see."

Uncle Henry peered about. At the big yard and the dozens of busy men. At the large gate against which Percy leant, having, it seemed, nothing else to do. At the gigantic sign over the gate.

Uncle Henry peered at the words on the sign.

In big gold letters was Percy's name. And underneath, in letters almost as big, the words: *Monumental Mason*.

R.D. Gave K.O. to A.G.

I'VE just had a letter from my daughter in the A.T.S. She is afraid the writing isn't very legible, as she's just had T.T. and T.A.B. She hopes soon to get her 48.

Thus she informs me that she has just been inoculated and is expecting a brief leave.

But she doesn't say so. She talks about T.T. and T.A.B., and 48.

In the same letter she tells me of the Battery Sports. "Everybody very cheerful, despite the fact that A.T.P. won the sports cup from B.H.Q."

I cannot get used to this initial-complex that is spreading across modern life. It is easy to get used to it, but I refuse to do so. It's a menace.

It's supposed to speed up the war effort, but it's really nothing to do with the war effort. It was already spreading across modern life before the war began.

No boxer has been "defeated" for twenty years. He has always "taken the K.O." Nobody for years has offered to pay for the goods on arrival. They have requested that it be sent C.O.D.

When I was young the doctor down the street was simply the doctor down the street. To-day he is the G.P.

X stands for kiss, as well as the spot where the body was found.

As soon as we are using initials for everything (instead of merely many things, as now) you'll be able to get a full-length novel on a dozen pages or so. A novel composed of capital letters!

I say it's a ghastly process.

To have a friend say to me as he raises his glass, "Chin-chin!" may not mean much. To have him say "C.C." would be horrible. It wouldn't mean anything to me even if it meant "Chin-chin!"

Fancy saying "X" to your wife instead of kissing her, and then adding "G.B." in place of "good-bye" when you set out for the station in the morning.

Fancy dashing through the snowflakes at Yuletide to say to some old pal: "An M.X., old boy—and a H.N.Y."

It's turning human speech into a kind of shorthand written on telegram forms.

The only good that could come of it would be to some bright spark who, after a few generations of this kind of thing, invented ordinary language all over again and made a fortune out of it.

The initial craze has been on my nerves since the day, years ago, when I first saw the ominous "R.D." on a cheque.

I'm completely against it, and always will be. It's N.B.G. A.G. (!)

HUMAN MACHINE

DON'T DODGE YOUR WORRY!

● Until you really know a thing, you cannot ever recognise it. Does that sound like a glimpse of the obvious?

Well, it isn't.

It's a plain statement of a fact that very few seem to have come across, still fewer to believe.

Let's illustrate it. "If a man cannot look evil in the face without illusion," wrote Bernard Shaw in the preface to "Major Barbara," "he will never know what it really is, or combat it effectually."

"The few men who have been able to do this have been called cynics, and have sometimes had an abnormal share of evil in themselves, corresponding to the abnormal strength of their minds: but they have never done mischief unless they intended to do it."

"That is why great scoundrels have been beneficent rulers whilst

amiable and privately harmless monarchs have ruined their countries by trusting to the hocus-pocus of innocence and guilt, reward and punishment, virtuous indignation and pardon, instead of standing up to the facts without either malice or mercy."

That's it—Stand up to the facts without either malice or mercy—for that's the only way to get on top of them and be master of them. Face your worries and know them for what they really are—not what you imagine them to be.

Have it out with your fears. Know them. Know what causes them. Don't be content to think you know. Face them—and really recognise them.

Unless you stand up and face the bad as well as the good you'll never get anywhere. Then, when you're fair to yourself you'll be fair to everyone else.

★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

ALL children, and a great many adults, spend part of their time in the world of make-believe. Daydreams are a source of consolation to those who are disappointed with realities.

The only harm comes when people fail to distinguish between the two

Ten or twelve years ago, writes a young father, a movement was started to abolish fairy tales and similar nonsense from the nursery and the infant school. It was regarded as wrong to teach children things which they would afterwards discover to be false.

Now that my young daughter has begun going to school I learn, to my surprise, that the old fairy stuff is being given as before, and I think parents should protest.

We want our children to grow up in a real world and not to fill their heads with ideas about elves, goblins and mermaids.

He ends by asking my opinion on the subject and wants to know if he should tell the headmistress of the school what he thinks about it.

Children like fairy tales, not because fairies are pretty, but because they are comforting and inspire confidence.

A story like Cinderella is delightful to a little girl who feels small and helpless and suffers from a sense of inferiority. It is a story of triumph over older sisters and adults.

The same idea runs through many of these tales—the Ugly Duckling, Dick Whittington, Puss in Boots, Thumbelisa.

The child identifies himself or herself with the hero or heroine who defies circumstances and ends in triumph, and I imagine that this type of story will always be popular. And a spur to endeavour!

I don't advise the writer to complain to the headmistress: she knows more about children than he does.

FROM a woman reader comes another kind of Cinderella letter.

My cousin and I attended the same dancing classes and parties when we were girls, but whereas our family had a hard struggle to make ends meet she always lived in comfort. My frocks were cotton when hers were silk. She had a lovely home, lovely clothes, and was trained for a business career.

But to cut the story short, the writer's parents could not give her a training for a career. She had to stay at home when her mother's health failed. Later on she married and had a great many ups and downs through her husband's broken health and spells of unemployment.

It is a story of disappointment after disappointment, but presently grows bright again:

My children grew up healthy and happy, won scholarships to high schools, and now one is married and the other doing well in the Army—as he did in civilian life. My husband has regained health and works seven days a week.

My cousin, whom I used to envy so much, now envies me!

Another bachelor girl who, while I was wrestling with illness and financial troubles and the rearing of children, was enjoying herself with freedom, holidays in all sorts of places, and lots of fine clothes, recently flung at me: "You've



A fierce fellow, this Dragon King. But how the youngsters love to read of his downfall in the fairy stories!

CINDERELLA IS GOOD FOR CHILDREN!

got your husband and children; I've got nothing to look forward to."

All this has set me thinking. I seemed to be the failure, but it now seems that my life has been an outstanding success. Not in a worldly way, maybe, but then I've never craved for material things except, perhaps, a little bigger house.

I guess I'm not the only woman who thought she had missed the 'bus and found that she hadn't done anything of the kind.

The moral of this story is too obvious to need much underlining. If the writer's parents had been better off she might have travelled all over the world in luxury liners and had servants to fetch and carry for her; but she has had a tough struggle and, well, has it not been worth it?

HERE is another Cinderella:

I have to help me in my house a charming young girl, but she is rather bitter because, having been left an orphan and brought up by relatives, she has always been made to feel that she should be grateful for a roof over her head and not expect anything more from life.

She is aware of being alone in the world, but I am doing my best to help her and to make her feel that our home is hers, too.

She cannot find out the truth about her parents, and her relations refuse to tell her. I have heard an unpleasant story about them, and the girl may have an inkling of it.

Do you think it would be wise to tell her what I have heard since she seems to be brooding over it?

If there is an unpleasant story, I think it should be buried. Nothing could be gained by telling it except to make the girl feel worse than ever.

Let the girl live for the present and the future. "Face the sun and the shadows will lie behind."

DON'T WAIT TOO LONG

DON'T wait till someone's gone before you sing their praise, so often it's too late when we applaud folk's kindly ways. It's so easy to look back and recount the good they did, but how often all we thought of them remained unsaid and hid.

SO don't wait till someone's gone and you cannot bring them back, remember Life's journey and Time is

SERVING in India, Sgt. R. Chalmers, R.A.F., has a bit of leave and finds a Yorkshire couple running a hotel "Out in the wilds." He writes to his parents at East Avenue, Wallington, Surrey:

Imagine a small town built on the side of a hill and towering above, about forty miles away and in full view, the Himalayas, the most famous range of mountains in the world.

We stayed at a hotel, and to our surprise the couple who ran the place were Yorkshire people—and were they glad to see us!

We often rode out on horses to the farm a few miles away, and to a spot about 9,000 feet above sea level, where there was a fine view of Mount Everest.

Later that week I grew over-confident of my ability as a rider and asked for a more spirited and faster animal. The horseman smiled and pointed to a grey, saying: "That one quick—him a race-horse, Sahib."

I think he was right! Anyway, the grey was too fast for me. He went like the wind and then stopped suddenly, while I went on—over his head. Then he bolted back home, leaving me to follow on foot.

Next morning, when I met the grey, he still seemed to be annoyed with me. He lashed out with his hoofs, but missed. Obviously, he knew I was not a very good horseman.

TREAT FOR EVERYBODY

Arab weddings always attract the troops serving in North Africa. Dvr. R. W. Rotheroe writes to his mother at Albert Edward Road, Liverpool:

We went to a wedding last night and a good time was had by all. Most of the Arabs seemed more interested in us than in the wedding. Few of the women had seen a white man before, so that was a treat for them.

You must not fold your arms at these ceremonies or stand with your hands clasped in front of you. If you do, the Arabs say that it means that the marriage will be childless.

Later we went to the "wedding breakfast." The newly married couple do not mingle with the guests, but sit on a platform holding hands and looking rather bored with the whole business.

Some of our "hot" dance bands have nothing on these people when they start playing their instruments. The band was in good form; I have never heard such a row in all my life.

Later we sampled the native wine—about four glasses knock your hat off! Then I got up and sang "Leave me alone, let me wander." Thunderous applause! And even the bride looked interested.

BATH BY INSTALMENTS

After heavy fighting in the Middle East the troops can now find an opportunity for a bath. Gnr. R. Harvey writes to his mother at Bedford Square, London, W.C.1:

Yesterday I had my first proper bath since coming out here. Up to now we had to be content with putting one leg at a time into a petrol can containing

a one-way track. So don't wait to prove you're kind, do the best things now, my friend, for we never know when someone's Life is coming to its end.

DON'T wait till someone's gone and sorrow makes you wise, for when folk pass beyond recall we so often realise how much we might have done before they passed away. But the only words that matter are the words folk hear us say.—J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOP

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned, 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



No man has ever climbed to the top of Everest. Yet, remote though it is, in its shadow is a tavern kept by a Yorkshireman

a few inches of water and trying to bath by instalments.

Our troop commander had other ideas. He had a hole dug about two feet in the sand; in this was spread a tarpaulin, and that was the bathtub.

Next, the water supply came from two fifty-gallon petrol drums filled with water from a well. It was brackish and a bit dirty, perhaps, but it looked good to us. These drums of water were propped up on stones and fires built underneath.

When the water is hot enough you just pull out the bungs and run the water into the tarpaulin bath. Hot running water in the desert! What more can you ask for?

FOOT-BULL

When sailors put into a West African port and then played the R.A.F. boys at football, something exciting was bound to happen—and it did. L./S. W. Davies, R.N., writes to his wife at Roundthorn Road, Oldham, Lancs:

We played the R.A.F. at football, and their team was unbeaten until they met us! We won two to one, but a slight interruption halfway through the match may have helped us.

Without warning, a wild bull came charging out of the nowhere right down the field, scattering players like leaves before the wind.

I think we must have broken all running records. When we regained our breath after sprinting away from the bull, we had to laugh.

Then about fifty niggers started chasing the bull, until he turned round fiercely, and started chasing them.

GLORIOUS WELCOME

The entry of the victorious British Army into — is described by Cpl. V. G. Carter, Royal Signals, M.E.F., in a letter to his family at Crathorne Avenue, Oxley, Wolverhampton:

The civilian population welcomed us with open arms as if we were their deliverers from a menace that had overshadowed their lives.

All our war horses were lined up

TROOPS

the square and soon the Union Jack fluttered from the main tower overlooking the square.

Then the pipes and bugles of a well-known Scottish regiment marched in at the head of our column. It was a thrill to see them marching by—and how the crowd cheered!

Funny thing was that a few hours after our "lot" had arrived in this town we heard the wireless news reader stating that we hadn't arrived yet, which was news to us indeed! We seem to have beaten the B.B.C. to it on this occasion. Tea is £3 10s. a pound, and food is very scarce, so the local people are glad that we have arrived. They are now sure of food and fair treatment.

WHAT A NIGHT!

Night operations by troops stationed in India are no picnic. Here is trooper E. Green, R.A.C., writing to a friend at Central Park Road, East Ham, London:

"Night Ops" are no joke, especially when it rains, and last night it did, and we were washed up. Our "scheme" for the night was all mapped out nicely, but torrents of rain upset things a bit.

Rivers which normally should be easy to cross became raging torrents. Then groping our way in the dark we struck a convoy, which should have been somewhere else. It was halted and we soon found out why. The old river-bed which it had to cross was now six feet deep with water, and that put stop to the convoy.

During the night many of our lorries were bogged, and we struggled to tow them out. All the time it rained in torrents and a bitter wind sprang up.

However, we eventually got through—soaked to the skin and as dirty as kids who had been playing in the mud at Southend. A hot meal and a rub down soon put us right, but what a night!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

HUNDREDS of girls, after taking a Government course in engineering, are rejected as physically unfit for such employment by works doctors. Why can't they be examined for fitness before they are accepted as trainees?—I. Carless, Newport, Mon.

Former workmate, fit and capable with several years' experience in munition works, was sacked two weeks ago. Labour exchange people say they have no job to offer him!—H. Ward, Milford Street, Salisbury.

There should be special G.P.O. counters for insurance stamps. Second in a queue of twenty-two, I wasted fifteen minutes to-day for postage stamps. This when the time of war workers is valuable.—B. Richmond, Tereiber Broadway, Sheffield.

I am asked by a local government body, "What discount (if any) you will allow?" on articles I manufacture. If I said, "5 per cent.," wouldn't I have added this to the price I quote? What nonsense!—"Tradesman," Fife.

Latest official "howler" is that harassed grocers have received instructions that two kinds of biscuits must not be put in the same bag! That's the way to save paper and expense!—T. E. Singleton, Highbury Terrace, Leeds.

If cigarette smokers will try to use up the tobacco they throw away in their cigarette-ends they would save the extra cost of taxation that is worrying them.—J. Hulme, Bolton, Lancs.

★ It isn't easy to escape capture by the Nazis if you "bale out" over Holland. But the friendly Dutch are artful enough to see that it can be done—and so R.A.F. pilots, given up for lost, are back in Britain to resume fighting.

PILOTING the R.A.F. fighter, Geoff had dived to within 2,000 ft. of the Dutch Coast—now showing clear in the strengthening dawn light—when a burst of smoke and flame in the cockpit told him that his main petrol tank was on fire.

His instrument panel and rudder control were shattered, but the two Me's that had been on his tail were gone. Hurriedly he released his safety gear.

"Joe," he called on the intercom. "This is where we bale out. Joe!"

There was no answer.

The flames were spreading and the heat was rapidly becoming unbearable. One of his flying boots was beginning to smoulder when Geoff Lampson made sure his observer was dead, killed by the last burst of fire from the Me's.

He took a dive out of the blazing machine, which he had managed to turn on its back, and landed on the sandy beach. Hurriedly he bundled the billowing parachute and hid it under the supports of a groyne.

For a while he lay under the groyne to recover from the events which had happened so rapidly in the last ten minutes.

The fighter on dawn patrol had run into a strong formation of bombers escorted by Me 109's. They had destroyed two Ju 87's and one Me before a burst had disabled their machine.

The question now was what to do, for as half an hour dragged by it looked as if no one had seen him come down, though the blazing machine must have been seen as it crashed into the sea some miles away to the north.

Crawling out of hiding, Lampson decided to make a shot at getting away. His boots were badly burnt and his blue R.A.F. slacks so scorched as to be useless.

He discarded the boots and converted his uniform slacks into shorts, then made his way over the dunes.

There was a farmhouse in the distance with smoke rising from the chimneys, but it lay on the other side of a tidal creek too wide to swim.

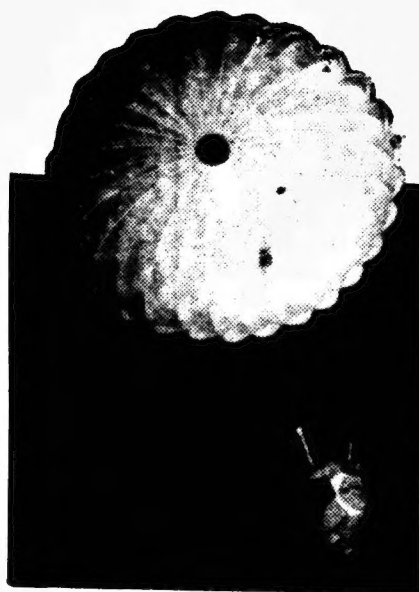
His luck was in. He found a boat lying half under a shed and in it an oilskin. He donned the coat and managed to pole the leaking craft across the water.

For a while he lay behind a barn watching a woman carrying pails in the farmyard. He knew the Dutch people were eager to help, but the penalties for assisting Allied airmen were severe.

Suspicious Silence

It was a dog that settled the question for him. Nothing could stop it barking its head off, so Geoff walked boldly out of hiding. He had no word of Dutch or German, and the woman, when she saw him, shouted to a man across the yard. The pair stood watching Geoff in suspicious silence as he approached.

"I'm an English airman," he said. He



To come down is bad enough. Still worse to land on Occupied soil. But it doesn't necessarily mean "out of action for the duration"

Their Nine Days' Escape Wonder

By B. L. JACOT

made signs to indicate machine guns and a parachute failing, and the couple exchanged a scared look.

The woman recovered her wits first and pushed him hurriedly inside a cowshed.

"English—goot," she said. "German—bad. Germans here."

Through a crack in the walls Geoff saw a man in breeches and German top boots staring at the shed from the door of the kitchens. "Many Germans," he asked. "One—two—three?"

"One."

The German was struggling into his tunic. He mounted a bicycle and rode off. "He's seen me," Geoff thought. "They'll surround the place and search every inch."

Friendly Arrest

He could see that the same idea had come to the old couple. They spoke together rapidly; then, beckoning him into the house, gave him coffee and made him eat a hearty breakfast. By the time he had finished it at high speed a car was at the door. The farmer drove him across the island, over a long bridge and into a neat little Dutch town.

To his surprise he found himself in a police station. An official told him: "I regret I must put you under arrest and take you to Dordrecht."

He spoke in Dutch to the old farmer, and, strangely, both were smiling as if something friendly and clever had been done by making this arrest.

At Dordrecht, Geoff found himself in a cell with a pilot from his own squadron, also shot down that morning.

In the evening, a Dutch official who spoke excellent English had them brought to his office.

"A German coastguard has reported a suspicious character at a farm on Loftvehen Island and an inquiry has been made. We have informed the German authorities that the man was a shell-shock case from the hospital here.

Two ex-soldiers were missing from the hospital last night.

"You two shell-shocked Dutch soldiers will be returned to the hospital—to-night."

They were staggered. Geoff began to thank the Dutchman, but a wave of the hand stopped him. "I regret," he said, "that I do not speak English. Good-bye."

A van drew up in the prison yard a few hours later. As the two British pilots were escorted to it they had to pass two German sentries, who eyed them suspiciously and had much to say.

But the van started off. They had not jolted far out of Dordrecht when it became clear that motor-cycles were following them. Geoff parted the curtains that separated them from the Dutch police in the driving cabin. He made them understand.

Had to Jump

For a while they joggled on while the Dutchmen made certain they were being followed, then the driver beckoned the two Englishmen to climb into the front seat. By signs they made them understand that they were to jump.

The lorry was entering a wood against the side of a hill when the signal was given. Geoff jumped

first, then Lefty Blane. Rolling down a bank, they found themselves in a ditch in which they lay until all sound of the lorry and the motor-cycles had ceased.

"What do we do now?" Lefty asked.

"Get to the coast," Geoff told him. "We'll stick together and pinch

a boat, and it had better be something pretty quick. We've got no papers or anything."

Their very first day brought them ill-luck. A German motor-cyclist patrol stopped them and arrested them when he found they could not speak Dutch.

Locked in a hut while the German went to telephone, they managed to kick out the planks at the back of the hut and made a dash for it. A farmer hid them for five days, then they started off again.

Once more they were stopped by a German, but this time Lefty Blane knocked him cold with a plank. They stole his rations and automatic pistol.

Two days later they found a fisherman with a boat—so, on the ninth day after being shot down, they started out on the voyage that eventually led them home to their squadron.

Since then, Geoff has won the D.F.C. and is now C.O. of his squadron. Lefty has added several more Huns to his bag, has again been shot down, but is recovering from his wounds, and soon will be fighting again.

WASTING SPITFIRES

NEW Spitfires climb eight miles into the air—over 10,000 ft. higher than Everest, 15,000 ft. above the level to which man has ever climbed on foot—and they still retain the immense power which they had at lower levels, despite the rarefied atmosphere.

The battle for the stratosphere is being won by their miraculous engines—but we can't have enough of them!

Some 1½ tons of aluminium—the equivalent of over 1,500,000 metal milk bottle caps—goes into the building of each Spitfire. Each month sufficient of these milk bottle tops to build nearly forty Spitfires are lost because housewives throw them away instead of returning them to the roundsman as salvage.

In the same period enough bones to make 300 tons of cordite are also lost through the destruction of bones issued with rationed meat.

So—put out for salvage every bit of useful material!

Free the ships!

The transport of equipment and vehicles for a single infantry division needs seven 10,000-ton ships. Every possible ship is needed for our attack on Axis Europe. Every ton of salvage helps to free shipping space for this big task. So turn it out, pile it up!

What do I do...?

I support my local Authority's salvage drive to the utmost.

I redouble my salvage efforts, and put out regularly every scrap I can find—of paper, metal, bones, rags, rubber and kitchen waste.

I do not mix different kinds of salvage, but keep them in separate heaps or containers.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

And how I appreciate Phosferine!

says M.M.G. of Lytham

"I have been waiting to see if it was Phosferine that was doing the good work, and can now safely say that it was. And how I appreciate it! I thought at first it was just a psychological effect, but had to admit that the first dose had made me a great deal better. My trouble was nervous exhaustion—extreme tiredness after only a little work. I thought I would try Phosferine as it seemed to do other people good, and whenever anyone complains I tell them how wonderful Phosferine is."

Ask your chemist for a bottle of this really great tonic to-day! It will buck you up, put new life into you.

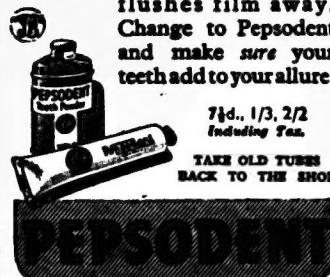
1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 Tablets equal 10 drops
PHOSFERINE
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

DO YOUR TEETH ADD TO YOUR CHARM?



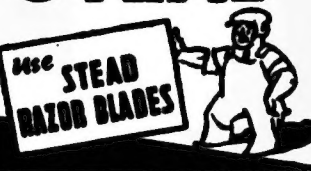
the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's what makes them dull, unromantic. Pepsodent will remove it. For Pepsodent contains Irium—the super-cleanser that flushes film away. Change to Pepsodent and make sure your teeth add to your allure!



7d., 1/3, 2/2
Including Tax.
TAKE OLD TOOTH
BACK TO THE SHOP

Think in STEAD



Splendid Corrective!

Our less-varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old. Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 2/3, 3/11. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 2/8. Purchase tax incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

LIXEN
THE GOOD-NATURED
Laxative

LAST LAUGH

P. N. (Petersham).—"Seals at the Zoo lead a happy life. No work, plenty of amusement and free accommodation." Food thrown in.

Miss K. (Ewell).—"The Board of Trade asks civilians to take their towels to hotels and boarding-houses." Or, rather, to take them back.

BUILDER (Exeter).—"Houses after the war will have walls of glass." They will have to stop describing them as a stone's throw from the station.

G. F. (Leeds).—"Because of a shortage of hairdressers, Germans are wearing their hair long." With faces to match.

J. P. (Ewell).—"The papers say there are to be fewer garden implements." Then the man next door must make do with the ones we've got.

F. B. (York).—"I can think of nothing less soothing to a man than the wall of a crooner." What about the wall of the sirens?

POSTMAN (Sheffield).—"If a dog is not well fed he may be led to do things foreign to its nature." Take a bite of postman, for instance.

B. L. (Bolton).—"Money is not made by big talk." The market quacks don't seem to do too badly.

N. N. (Bow).—"Because of Service demands there are scarcely enough doctors to go round." Well, so long as they go straight...

MAGICIAN (Acton).—"On the stage I have served up countless mysteries, but now I have been called up I am wondering what I shall be in the Army." Cook?

R. G. (Congleton).—"My garden takes a lot of licking." So does ours—in fact, it's almost beaten us.

M. B. (Liverpool).—"A friend of mine fell on the tramway track and hurt his head badly." Hard lines!

NON-SMOKER (Barnstable).—"I think it's disgusting to see so many young men smoking cigarettes nowadays." It certainly makes them look effeminate.

T. M. (Woodbridge).—"You ought to hear my wife when she starts arguing. She's as sharp as a knife." The sort that won't shut up?

SCHOOLBOY (Bicester).—"In olden days, were sheep stealers often hanged?" No, only once.

V. N. (Tottenham).—"A Hollywood film actress recently complained of being followed by a Press cameraman." Apparently every time she turned round to remonstrate with him he didn't photograph her.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yes, Doc. They let me go on a raid in a Fortress. Never 'ad a scratch. Then, just as I was getting out at the finish, I slipped on a piece of chewin' gum."

Side-Slips

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"... A twelve-year-old boy, summoned for discharging a firework in a S— cinema, and producing a BANG so loud that a number of people began to rush for the exits..."

IRELAND'S OWN:—"Fancy her FATHER'S HUSBAND having such pots of money!"

THE STAR:—"... and is capable of carrying a reasonably heavy bomb load."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Some of the battalions have provided them with BARGES, but it is much better that they should all have an official badge to mark their service."

THE SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"People at the East Anglian cats town of Clacton-on-Sea shouted and clapped as they watched the raider chased and shot down into the sea."

GREATEST OF THESE

"I volunteered when I was nineteen and served two years, first with the Cameronians and later with the Seaforth Highlanders," writes Robert Denholm.

Wounded twice in action, this man has been discharged from the Forces physically unfit. Since his discharge he has not been able to do much work and is now waiting to go into hospital for lengthy treatment. He has no pension.

But this young man is greatly worried how his wife and baby are going to exist on £1 16s. a week, from which 11s. 2d. rent and 1s. 1d. insurance has to be paid.

Our readers can help this disabled man to enter hospital with an easier mind if they will send donations, earmarked "L./Cpl." or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

THIS WEEK'S CASH WINNERS

1st PRIZE £50 — 'BULLETS' 1,370

Sgt. D. Mackay, R.A.M.C., Somewhere-in-Britain, for this "Bullet":

WAR-TIME NECESSITY
"DO I REALLY NEED—?"

220 : A. Burgess, 67, Shaftesbury Ave., W.1, in Sunny Italy—Red Sky, "Sheep's" Warning.

210 : W. Ray, 18, Ranelagh Ave., Litherland, Liverpool.

Food Supplies—Over Water, Under Fire.

25 : B. D. Hopkins, Little Oak, Leighton Buzzard, Rising To The Occasion—Woman's War—Especially Britannia's.

24 : E. A. Hutchinson, 181, Tachbrook Road, Leamington Spa.

War-time Necessity—Using Legs—Don't "Kick"!

22 : G. M. Owen, 9, Fortman Terrace, Exmouth, Devon.

Shattered His Morale—Facts Frita "Food Together".

22 : W. F. Evans, 25, Rusbridge Rd., Canterbury.

Food Supplies—Our Second "Landing," Europe!

DOUBLED FIRST For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

22a : Mrs. M. J. Mackin, Albert Villa, Aubrey Road, Holm, Burton-on-Trent.

Guessing Up For Anything—Let's Hope She's "Sold"!

22a : W. Toome, 22, Woodford Dr., Glades Park, Rotherham.

Ahead Of Democracy—"Sleep Hill," The "Greenwood."

22a : F. W. Wakefield, Clerk's Office, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

Father's Face—And Rolling-pla, Sharing Hall!

22a : Mrs. A. Grummitt, Rozenmoor, Church St., Little Hampton.

Delighted The Japs—Pearl! (Harbour—And Drowned!)

22a : Mrs. D. Hardman, 30, Glen Ave., Pontypridd, Cardiff.

At The Sponsors' Wedding—Arkward Speed's And Outwaded!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at this office. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD 330

WINNING WORDS: 1. Tucks. 2. Shall. 3. Cluck. 4. Tamed. 5. Ark. 6. Ice. 7. Slight. 8. Fair. 9. Lion. 10. Shaw. 11. Ferry. 12. Lion. 13. Bacon. 14. Wash.

WINNER OF £100:

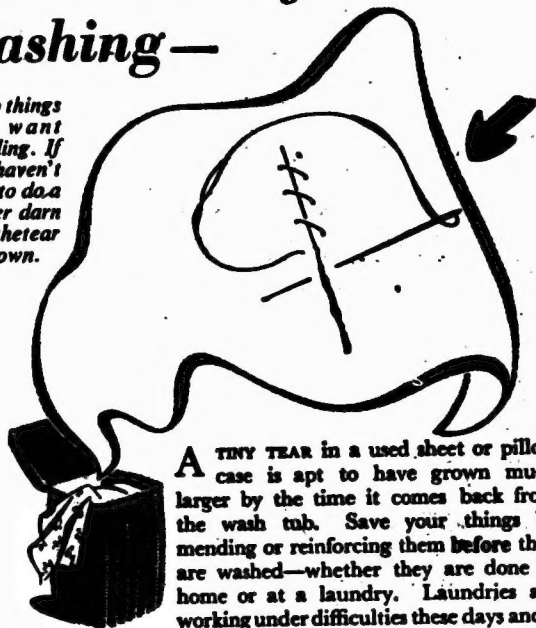
Mrs. A. DUNN, 12, CASTLE STREET, TRURO, CORNWALL.

Runner-up Awards value £25 shared between 18 entrants.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

Look over your LINENS before washing—

see to things
that want
mending. If
you haven't
time to do a
proper darn
tack the tear
as shown.



A TINY TEAR in a used sheet or pillow case is apt to have grown much larger by the time it comes back from the wash tub. Save your things by mending or reinforcing them before they are washed—whether they are done at home or at a laundry. Laundries are working under difficulties these days and a stitch in time will help them to help you.

USE SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES TURN AND TURN ABOUT so that all get their fair share of wear. Don't store them too long at a time in a hot place—heat weakens the material. Use the good bits of discarded things for patching. When washing is done at home avoid bleaching, which is an expert's job. Dry in the sun instead, whenever possible. When ironing, take care the iron isn't too hot and never iron over the folds. Air everything thoroughly.

SMOKERS' 'FUR'

HOW TO DETECT IT— HOW TO PREVENT IT

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it... a rough woolly feeling? Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference. 1/1d. and 1/10d. Sold Everywhere.

RETURN EMPTY TUBES
TO THE CHEMIST

Phillips'
Dental Magnesia

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark
of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Nerves and Digestion? ...more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times: if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B... and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is pure 'LIVE' Yeast.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than 1-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

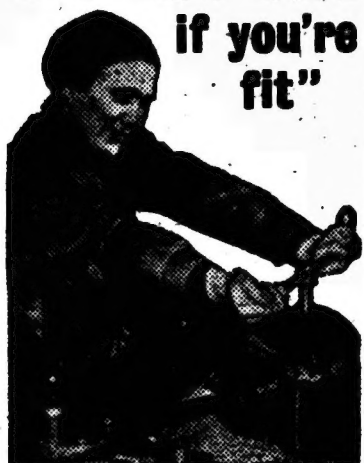
Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals: you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent
results from your preparation—for
exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists 1/5, 3/4
(including Purchase Tax) Tablets
Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST
. . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips'
TONIC YEAST
—It's LIFE ITSELF!

"Nothing wrong with hard work if you're fit"



Nobody minds a bit of hard work when they feel up to the mark. The trouble begins when you're feeling tired, off colour, in need of a laxative. Remember the Golden Rule of Health—take Beecham's Pills and look after yourself.

**Beecham's
Pills**
Sold
Everywhere.

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 (including Purchase Tax)
Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



SHOW RING CONDITION

results from regular use of Benbow's, relied on by breeders and owners since 1835. Give your dog this great tonic, too. For wartime feeding hints, send penny stamp to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co. Ltd., (Dept. J.B.) 26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

All Chemists and Corn Merchants

Your Dog will keep fit on—

BENBOW'S
DOG MIXTURE

It isn't you
(it's your soap-suds)
that needs the tonic!

Use MAZO tablets
to energize the soap-suds
and they do the hard work
for you

MAZO is something new in washing aids! MAZO is what even the best soap needs—a tonic to make the suds more energetic, more searching, more cleansing. It does not matter whether you use soap, flakes, or powder, MAZO will give it tremendous extra cleansing activity, will multiply its suds and make them act quicker, easier, better. No rubbing, no scrubbing, no hard work—MAZO energized soap-suds do all that for you.

MAZO Soap Energizing Tablets

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